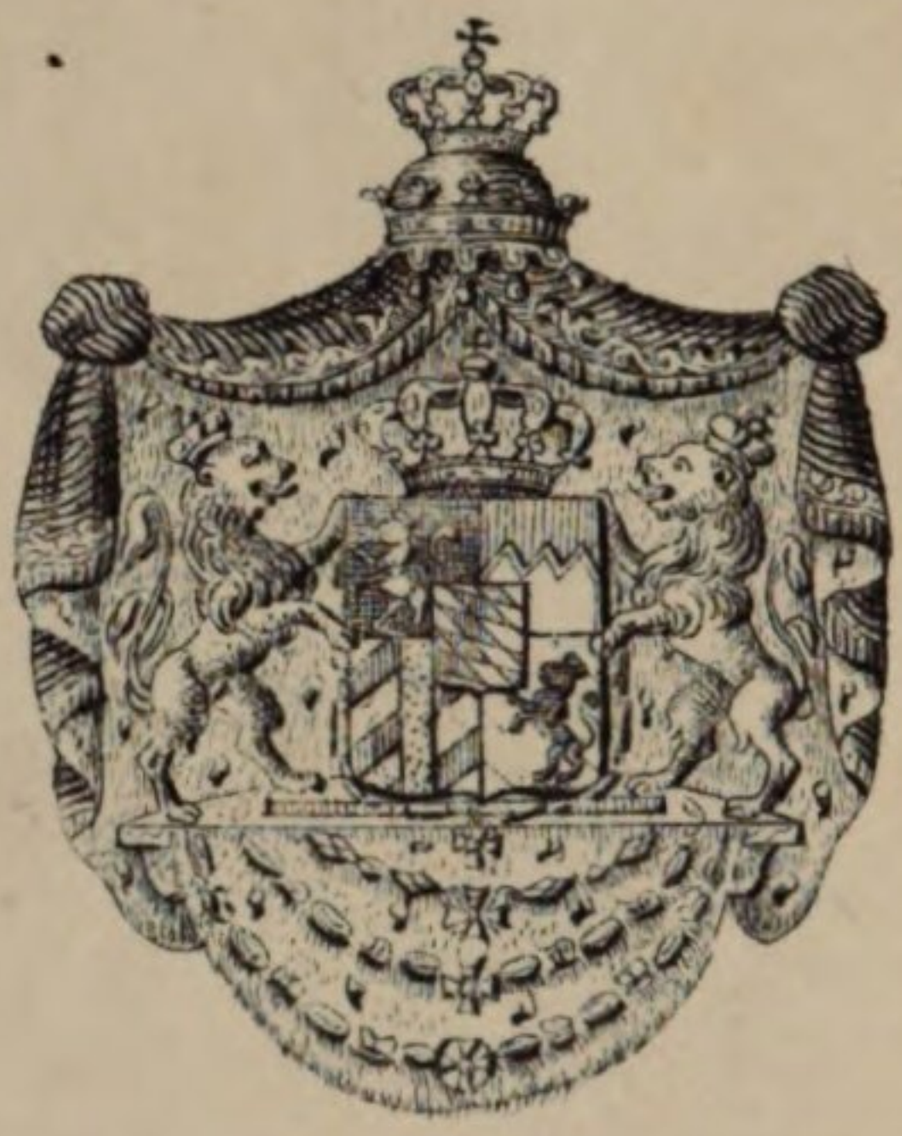
P. O. angl.
282 t.

F. O. angl. 282 t



BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

Ex donat: Molliana.

132. 8. 8

POEMS

ON SEVERAL

OCCASIONS:

By the

Right Honourable,

THE

E. of R—

Printed at *ANTWERPEN.*

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

An Epistolary Essay from M. G. *to* O. B. *upon their Mutual Poems.*

Dear Friend,

I Hear this Town do's so abound
With sawcy Censures, that faults are found
With what of late we (in Poetick Rage)
Bestowing, threw away on the dull Age;
But (howsoe're Envy their Spleens may raise,
To rob my Brows of their deserved Bays)
Their Thanks at least I merit, since through me
They are Partakers of your Poetry:
And this is all I'll say in my Defence,
T' obtain one Line of your well-worded Sense,
I'd be content t' have writ the *British Prince*.
I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a Rule I have (upon long trial)
T' avoid with care all sort of Self-denial,
Which way soe're Desire and Fancy lead,
(Concerning Fame) that Path I boldly tread:
and if exposing what I take for Wit,
To my dear Self a Pleasure I beget,
No matter tho' the cens'ring Criticks fret.
Those whom my Muse displeases, are at strife,
With equal Spleen, against my Course of Life,
The least Delight of which I'll not forego,
For all the flattering Praise Man can bestow.

If I design'd to please, the way were then
To mend my Manners, rather then my Pen:
The first's unnatural, therefore unfit;
And for the second, I despare of it,
Since Grace is not so hard to get as Wit.
Perhaps ill Verses ought to be confin'd,
In meer good Breeding, like unsav'ry Wind:
Were Reading forc'd, I shou'd be apt to think
Men might no more write scurvily, than stink:
But 'tis your choice whether you'll read or no;
If likewise of your smelling it were so,
I'd fart just as I write, for my own Ease,
Nor shou'd you be concern'd unless you please.
I'll own, that you write better than I do;
But I have as much need to write as you.
What tho' the Excrements of my dull Brain
Flows in a harsher and insiped strain.
While your rich Head eases it self of Wit,
Must none but Civet-Cats have leave to shit?
In all I write, shou'd Sense, and Wit, and Rhime
Fail me at once, yet something so Sublime
Shall stamp my Poem, that the World may see
It cou'd have been prodoc'd by none but me:
And that's my End, for Man can wish no more
Than so to write as none are writ before.
Yet who am I no Poet of the Times?
I have Allusions, Similies and Rhimes,
And Wit, or else 'tis hard that I alone
Of the whole Race of Mankind shou'd have
(none.
Unequally the partial Hand of Heaven
Has all but this One only Blessing given.

The

The World appears like a great Family,
Whose Lord oppreſt with Pride and Poverty,
(That to a few great Bounty he may ſhow)
Is fain to ſtarve the num'rous Train below.
Juſt ſo ſeems Providence, as poor and vain,
Keeping more Creatures than it can maintain:
Here 'tis profuſe, and there it meanly ſaves,
And for one Prince, it makes Ten Thouſand
(Slaves.

In Wit alone 't been magnificent,
Of which ſo juſt a Share to each is ſent.
That the moſt Avaticious are content;
For none e're thought (the due Diviſion's ſuch)
His own to little or his Friends too much.
Yet moſt Men ſhew or find great want of Wit,
Writing themſelves, or judging what is writ:
But I who am of Sprightly Vigour full,
Look on Mankind as envious and dull;
Born to my ſelf, my ſelf I like alone.
And muſt conclude my judgment good or none,
For cou'd my Sence be naught, how ſhou'd I know
Whether another Mans were good or no?
Thus I reſolve of my own Poetry,
That 'tis the beſt, and there's a Fame for me,
If then I'm happy, what do's it advance,
Whether to Merit due, or Arrogance?
Oh, but the World will take offence hereby.
Why then the World ſhall ſuffer for't, not I.
Did e're the Sawcy World and I agree
To let it have its béaſtly will on me?
Why ſhou'd my proſtituted Sence be drawn
To ev'ry Rule their muſty Cuſtoms Spawn?

But Men will cenſure you: 'Tis two to one,
When e're they cenſure they'll be in the wrong.
There's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,
So fooliſh and ſo falſe as Common Fame.
It calls the Courtier Knave; the Plain Man, Rude;
Haughty, the Grave, and the Delightful Lewd;
Impertinent, the Brisk, Moroſe, the Sad;
Mean, the Familiar; the Reſerv'd one, Mad.
Poor helpleſs Woman is not favour'd more;
She's a ſly Hypocrite, or publick Whore.
Then who the Dev'l wou'd give this—to be free
From the innocent Reproach of Infamy?
Theſe things conſider'd, make me (in deſpite
Of idle Rumor) keep at home and write.

SATYR.

WEre I (who to my coſt already am
One of thoſe ſtrange prodigious Creatures, Man)
A Spirit free to chuſe for my own ſhare
What Caſe of Fleſh and Blood I'd pleaſe to wear,
I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,
Or any thing but that vain Animal
Who is Proud of being Rational.
The Senſes are too groſs, and he'll contrive
A Sixth, to contradict the other Five;
And before certain Inſtinct, will prefer
Reaſon, which fifty times for one do's err:

Reaſon,

Reaſon, an *Ignis fatuus* in the Mind,
Which leaving Light of Nature (Senſe) behind,
Pathleſs and dang'rous wandring Ways is taken,
Thro' Errors Fenny Bogs and Thorny Brakes;
Whilſt the miſguided Follower climbs with pain
Mountains of Whimſies heap'd in his own Brain;
Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls head-
(long down.
Into Doubts boundleſs Sea, where like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To ſwim with Bladders of Philoſophy,
In hopes ſtill to o'retake th' eſcaping Light;
The Vapour dances in his dazling ſight,
Till ſpent, it leaves him to eternal Night,
Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
Led him to Death, and make him underſtand,
After a Search ſo painful and ſo long,
That all his Life he has been in the wrong.
Huddl'd in Dirt the Reas'ning Engine lies,
Who was ſo Proud, ſo Witty, and ſo Wiſe:
Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,
And makes him venture to be made a Wretch:
His Wiſdom did his Happineſs deſtroy,
Aiming to know what World he ſhould enjoy;
And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence,
Of pleaſing others at his own Expence.
For Wits are treated juſt like Common Whores
Firſt they're enjoy'd, and then kickt out of Doors;
The Pleaſure paſt, a threatning Doubt remains,
That frights the Enjoyer with ſucceeding Pains.
Women and Men of Wit are dangerous Tools,
And ever fatal to admiring Fools.

Pleaſure allures, and when the *Fops* eſcape,
'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate,
And therefore what they fear, at leaſt they hate.
But now methinks ſome formal Band & Beard
Takes me to task; come on Sir, I'm prepar'd.
Then by your favour any thing that's writ
Againſt this gibing jingling knack call'd Wit,
Likes me abundantly, but you take care
Upon this point not to be too ſevere.
Perhaps my Muſe *were fitter for this part,*
For I profeſs, I can be very ſmart
On Wit, *which I abhor with all my Heart:*
I long to laſh it in ſome ſharp Eſſay,
But your grand indiſcretion bids me ſtay,
And turns my Tide of Ink another way.
What rage ferments in your degen'rate Mind,
To make you Rail at Reaſon and Mankind?
Bleſt glorious Man! *to whom alone kind* Heav'n
An everlaſting Soul *has freely given,*
Whom his great Maker *took ſuch care to make,*
That from himſelf he did the Image *take,*
And this fair frame in ſhinning Reaſon *dreſt,*
To dignifie his Nature above Beaſt.
Reaſon, *by whoſe aſpiring influence*
We take a flight beyond material Senſe;
Dive into Myſteries, then ſoaring pierce
The flaming limits of the Univerſe,
Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's Acted there,
And give the World true grounds of hope and fear,
Hold mighty Man, I cry, all this we know
From the Pathetick Pen of *Ingelo*;

From

From *P*——*Pilgrims*, *S*——replys,
And 'tis this very Reason I despise,
This Supernatural Gift' that makes a *Mite*
Think he's the *Image* of the *Infinite*,
Comparing his short Life, void of all Rest,
To the *Eternal* and the ever Blest.
This busie, puzling, stirring up of doubt,
That frames deep *Mysteries*, then finds 'em out;
Filling with fantick Crowds of thinking *Fools*,
Those Reverend *Bedlams*, *Colleges* and *Schools*;
Born on whose Wings each heavy *Sot* can pierce
The limits of the boundless Universe.
So Charming Ointments make an Old *Witch* flie,
And bear a Crippled Carcase through the Skie.
'Tis this exalted Pow'r, whose bus'ness lies
In *Nonsense* and *Impossibilities*.
This made a whimsical *Philosopher*,
Before the spacious *World* his *Tub* prefer;
And we have modern *Cloyster'd Coxcombs*, who
Retire to think, because they have nought to do.
But thougts are giv'n for Actions Government,
Where Action ceases Thoughts impertinent:
Our *Sphere* of Action is Lifes happiness,
And he who thinks beyond, thinks like an *Ass*:
Thus whilst against false reas'ning I inveigh,
I own right *Reason*, which I wou'd obey;
That *Reason* that distinguishes by Sence,
And gives us *Rules* of good and ill from thence;
That bounds Desires with a reforming Will,
To keep 'em more in vigour, not to Kill.
Your *Reason* hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing Appetites yours wou'd destroy.

My

My Reaſon is my Friend, yours is a Cheat;
Hunger calls out, my Reaſon bids me Eat;
Perverſly yours, your Appetite do's mock,
This asks for Food, that anſwers, What's a Clock?
This plain Diſtinction, Sir, your doubt Secures,
'Tis not true Reaſon I deſpiſe, but yours.
Thus I think Reaſon righted; but for Man,
I'll ne're Recant, defend him if you can.
For all his Pride, and his Philoſophy,
'Tis evident, Beaſts are in their Degree
As wiſe at leaſt, and better far than he?
Thoſe Creatures are the wiſeſt, who attain,
By ſureſt Means, the Ends at which they aim:
If therefore *Fowler* finds and kills his Hares
Better than *M*— ſupplies Committee-Chairs,
Though on's a Stateſman, th' other but a Hound,
Fowler in Juſtice wou'd be wiſer found.
You ſee how far Mans Wiſdom here extends;
Look next if Humane Nature makes amends,
Whoſe Principles moſt gen'rous are, and juſt,
And to whoſe Morals you wou'd ſooner truſt.
Be Judge your ſelf, I'll bring it to the Teſt,
Which is the baſeſt Creature, Man or Beaſt.
Birds feed on Birds, Beaſt on each other prey,
But Savage Man alone do's Man betray:
Preſt by Neceſſity, they Kill for Food;
Man undoes Man to do himſelf no good:
With Teeth and Claws by Nature Arm'd, they (hunt
Nature's Allowance, to ſupply their Want;
But Man, with Smiles, Embraces, Friendſhips (praiſe,
Unhumanly his Fellows Life betrays,
With

With voluntary Pains works his distress,
Not through Necessity, but Wontonness.
For Hunger or for Love they fight or tear,
Whilst wretched Man is still in Arms for fear;
For fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid,
By Feat to Fear successively betray'd:
Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passion
(came,
His boasted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame;
That Lust of Pow'r to which he's such a Slave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave;
To which his various Projects are design'd,
Which makes him gen'rous affable and kind;
For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,
And screws his Actions in a forc'd Disguise,
Leading a tedious Life, in Misery,
Under laborious, mean Hypocrisie.
Look to the bottom of his vast Design,
Wherein Mans Wisdom, Pow'r and Glory join;
The Good he acts, the Ill he do's endure;
'Tis all for fear, to make himself Secure.
Meerly for Safety, after Fame we Thirst;
For all Men wou'd be Cowards, if they durst:
And honesty against all common Sence,
Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own defence.
Mankind's dishonest, if you think it fair,
Amongst known Cheats, to play upon the Square,
You'll be undone———
Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save,
The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.
Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o're, oppress.
Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.

Thus

Thus Sir, you see what Human Nature craves,
Most Men are Cowards, all Men shou'd be Knaves;
The difference lies (as far as I can see)
Not in the thing it self, but the degree;
And all the Subject matter of debate,
Is only who's a Knave of the first Rate,
All this with indignation have I hurl'd
At the pretending part of the proud World,
Who swoln with selfish Vanity, devise
False Freedoms, holy Cheats, and formal Lies,
Over their Fellow-Slaves to Tyrannize.
But if in Court so just a Man there be,
(In Court a just Man, yet unknown to me.)
Who does his needful flattery direct
Not to oppose and ruin, but protect;
Since flattery, which way soever laid,
Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade;
If so upright a Staites-Man you can find,
Whose Passions bend to his unbyas's'd Mind,
Who does his Arts and Policies apply
To raise his Country, not his Family?
Nor while his Pride own'd Avarice withstands,
Receives Aureal Bribes from Friends corrupted
(Hands.
Is there a Church-Man who on God relies?
Whose Life, his Faith and Doctrine justifies?
Not one blown up, with vain Prelatick Pride,
Who for reproof Sins does Man deride:
Whose envious Heart, with his obstrep'ous sawcy
(Eloquence.
Dares chide at Kings, and rail at Men of Sense;

Who

Who from his Pulpit vents more peeviſh Lies,
More bitter Railings, Scandals, Calumnies,
Than at a Goſſipping are thrown about,
When the good *Wives* get drunk, and then fall out,
None of that Senſual *Tribe*, whoſe *Talents* lie,
In Avarice, Pride, Sloth and Gluttony;
Who hunt good Livings, but abhor good Lives;
Whoſe Luſt exalted to that height arrives,
They act Adultery with their own *Wives*,
And e're a ſcore of Years compleated be,
Can from the lofty Pulpit proudly ſee
Half a large Pariſh their own Progeny.
Nor doating *B*——who wou'd be ador'd
For domineering at the Council-Board;
A greater *Fop* in buſineſs at Fourſcore,
Fonder of ſerious Toys, affected more
Than the gay glittering Fool at Twenty proves,
With all his noiſe, his tawdry Clothes, and Loves.
But a meek humble *Man*, of modeſt Sence,
Whoſe Preaching Peace, does practice Conſcience.
Whoſe pious life's a proof he does believe
Myſterious Truths, which no Man can conceive.
If upon Earth there dwell ſuch God-like Men,
Then I'll Recant my Paradox to them:
Adore thoſe *Shrines* of *Virtue*, Homage pay,
And with the Rabble-world their *Laws* obey.
If ſuch there are, yet grant me *This* at leaſt,
Man differs more from Man, than Man from
(Beaſt.

A Ramble in St. James's Park.

MUch Wine had past, with graye Discourse,
Of who Fucks who, and who do's worse;
Sueh as you usually do hear
From them that Diet at the *Bear*;
When I, who still take care to see
Drunk'nness Reliev'd by Letchery,
Went out into St. *James's* Park,
To cool my Head, and fire my Heart;
But though St. *James* has the Honour ont!
'Tis Consecrate to *Prick* and *Cunt*.
There, by a most Incestuous Birth,
Strange Woods Spring from the teeming Earth:
For they relate how heretofore,
When Ancient *Pict* began to Whore,
Deluded of his Assignation,
(Jilting it seems was then in fashion.)
Poor pensive Lover in this place.
Wou'd Frig upon his Mothers Face;
Whence Rows of Mandrakes tall did rise,
Whose Lewd tops Fuck'd the very Skies.
Each imitated Branch do's twine
In some Love Fold of *Aretine*:
And nightly now beneath their Shade
Are Bugg'ries, Rapes and Incests made,
Unto this All-sin-sheltring Grove,
Whores of the Bulk and the Alcove,
Great Ladies, Chambermaids and Drudges,
The Rag-picker and Heiress trudges;

Car-

Car-men, Divines, great Lords, and Taylers;
Prentices, Pimps, Poets, and Goalers,
Foot-boys, fine Fops, do here arrive,
And here promiſcuouſly they Swive.
Along theſe hallow'd Walks it was
That I beheld *Corinna* paſs;
Whoever had been by to ſee
The proud Diſdain ſhe caſt on me,
Though Charming Eyes, he wou'd have Swore
She dropt from Heav'n that very Hour,
Forſaking the Divine Aboad
In ſcorn of ſome deſpairing God.
But mark what Creatures Women are,
So infinitely Vile and Fair.
Three Knights o' th' Elbow and the Slur,
With wrigling Tails made up to her.
The firſt was of your *White-hall* Blades,
Near Kin to the Mother of the Maids,
Grac'd by whoſe Favour he was able
To bring a Friend to the Waiters Table;
Where he had heard Sir *Edward S*——
Say how the K—— lov'd *Banſted* Mutton,
Since when he'd ne're be brought to eat,
By's good will, any other Meat.
In this, as well as all the reſt,
He ventures to do like the Beſt:
But wanting common Sence, th' Ingredient
In chuſing well, not leaſt expedient,
Converts Abortive Imitation
To univerſal Affectation;
So he not only eats and talks,
But feeels and ſmells, ſits down and walks,

Nay

Nay looks, and lives, and Loves by Rote,
In an old Tawdry Birth-day Coat.
The Second was a *Grays-Inn-Wit*,
A great Inhabiter of the Pit,
Where Critick-like he sits and *Squints*,
Steals Pocket-handkerchiefs and *Hints*
From's Neighbour and the Comedy,
To Court and Pay his Landlady..
The Third a Ladies Eldest Son,
Within few Years of Twenty One,
Who hopes from his propitious Fate,
Against he comes to his Estate,
By these Two *Worthies* to be made
A most accomplish'd tearing *Blade*.
One in a strain 'twixt *Tune* and *Nonsense*,
Cries, *Madam, I have lov'd you long since,*
Permit me your fair Hand to Kiss:
When at her Mouth her Cunt says Yes.
In short without much more ado,
Joyful and pleas'd away she flew.
And with these Three confounded Asses
From Park to Hackney-Coach she passes.
So a Proud Bitch do's lead about
Of humble Curs the Amorous Rout,
Who most obsequiously do Hunt
The sav'ry Scent of Salt swoln Cunt.
Some Pow'r more patient now relate
The Scence of this surprizing Fate.
Gods! that a thing admir'd by me,
Shou'd taste so much of Infamy!
Had she pick'd out to pub her Ase on,
Some stiff-Prick'd Clown, or well-hung Parson,

Each

Each Job of whose Spermatick Sluce
Had fill'd her *Cunt* with wholsome Juice,
I the proceeding shou'd have prais'd,
In hope she had quencht a Fire I rais'd:
Such nat'ral freedoms are but Just,
There's something gen'rous in meer Lust;
But to turn Damn'd Abandon'd *Jade*,
When neither *Head* nor *Tail* perswade?
To be a *Whore* in understanding,
A Passive *Pot* for *Fools* to spend in,
The *Devil* plaid Booty sure with thee,
To bring a Blot of Infamy.
But why was I, of all *Mankind*,
To so severe a Fate design'd?
Ungreatful! why this Treachery
To humble, fond, believing me?
Who gave you Priviledges above
The Nice Allowances of Love?
Did ever I refuse to bear
The meanest part your Lust cou'd spare?
When your lewd *Cunt* came spewing home,
Drench'd with the Seed of half the *Town*,
My Dram of Sperm was sup'd up after,
For the digestive Surfeit-Water.
Full gorged at another time
With a vast *Meal* of Nasty Slime,
Which your devouring *Cunt* had drawn
From *Porters Backs*, and *Foot-mens* Brawn;
I was content to serve you up
My *Ballocks* full, for your *Grace Cup*;
Nor ever though it an Abuse,
While you had Pleasure for Excuse.

You that cou'd make my Heart away,
For Noiſe and Colours and betray
The Secrets of my tender Hours,
To ſuch *Knight-Errant Paramours*;
When leanning on your faithleſs Breaſt,
Wrapt in ſecurity, and reſt.
Soft Kindneſs all my Pow'rs did move,
And Reaſon lay diſſolv'd in Love.
May ſtinking *Vapour* choak your *Womb*,
Such as the *Men* you doat upon;
May your deprav'd Appetite,
That cou'd in whiffling *Fools* delight,
Beget ſuch *Frenzies* in your *Mind*,
You may go Mad for the *North wind*.
And fixing all your hopes upon't,
To have him Bluſter in your *Cunt*.
Turn up your longing Arſe to th' Air,
And Periſh in a wild deſpair.
But *Cowards* ſhall forget to Rant,
School-boys to Frig, old *Whores* to Paint:
The *Jeſuits Fraternity*,
Shall leave the uſe of *Buggery*.
Crab-Louſe, inſpir'd with Grace Divine,
From Earthly *Cod*, to *Heav'n* ſhall climb;
Phyſicians, ſhall believe in *Jeſus*,
And diſobedience ceaſe to pleaſe us.
E're I deſiſt with all my Power,
To plague this *Woman*, and undo her.
But my Revenge will beſt be tim'd,
When ſhe is *Marri'd* that is lim'd,
In that moſt lamentable State,
I'll make her feel my Scorn, and Hate;

Pelt

Pelt her with Scandals, Truth, or Lies,
And her poor *Cur* with Jealousies.
Till I have torn him from her *Breech*,
While she whines like a *Dog-drawn Bitch*.
Loath'd, and depriv'd, kickt out of *Town*,
Into some dirty hole alone,
To Chew the *Cud* of Misery,
And know she owes it all to me.
And may no Woman *better thrive*,
Who dares profane the Cunt *I Swive*.

A Letter fanc'd from Artemisa *in the Town, to* Cloe *in the Country.*

CLœ, by your command in Verse I write.
Shortly you'd bid me ride astride and fight;
Such Talents better with our *Sex* agree,
Than lofty flights of dan'rous *Poetry*.
Among the *Men*, I mean the *Men* of *Wit*,
(At least they past for such before they writ.)
How many bold advent'rers for the *Bays*,
Proudly designing large returns of praise.
Who durst that stormy pathless *World* explore,
Were soon dasht back,& wreckt on the dull shore,
Broke of that little stock they had before.
How wou'd a *Womans* tott'ring *Barque* be tost,
Where stoutest *Ships*, the Men of *Wit* are lost?
When I reflect on this I straight grow wise,
And my own self I gravely thus advise.
Dear *Artemisa*, *Poetry*'s a Snare,
Bedlam has many *Mansions*, have a care,

Your *Muse* diverts you, makes the Reader sad,
You think your self inspir'd, he thinks you Mad:
Thus like an Arrant Woman as I am,
No sooner well convinc'd Writings a Shame,
That *Whore* is a scarce a more Reproachful Name
Than *Poetess*——
Like *Men* that Marry, or like *Maids* that Wooe,
Because 'tis the Worst Thing they can do:
Pleas'd with the Contradiction and the Sin,
Methinks I stand on Thorns till I begin:
You expect to here at least, what Love has past
In this lewd *Town*, since you and I saw last:
What change has happen'd of *Intrigues*; and whe-
(ther
The Old one's last, and who and who's together?
But how (my dearest *Clæ*) should I set
My *Pen* to Write, what I would fain forget?
Or name the lost thing *Love* without a Tear,
Since so debauch'd by ill-bread Customs here?
Love, the most generous Passion of the Mind,
The softest Refuge Innocence can find,
The safe directer of unguided *Youth*,
Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth;
That Cordial drop *Heaven* in our *Cup* has thrown,
To make the naus'ous draught of Life go down,
On which one only Blessing *God* might raise,
In *Lands* of *Atheists*, *Subsidies* of praise;
For none did e're so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a *God*, and Bless'd his Power in Love;
This only Joy for which poor we were made,
Is only grown, like Play, to be an Arrant *Trade*,

The

The *Rooks* creep in, and it has got of late,
As many little Cheats and Tricks as that,
But what yet more a *Woman's* heart wou'd Vex,
'Tis chiefly carry'd on by her own *Sex*.
Oh! filly *Sex*! though born, like *Monarchs*, free,
Turn *Gipsies* for a meaner liberty,
And hate restraint, though but from Infamy;
They call whatever is not common, Nice,
And deaf to *Natures Rule*, or *Loves* Advice,
Forsake the Pleasure to pursue the Vice:
To an exact Perfection they have brought,
The Action Love, the passion is forgot,
'Tis below *Wit* they say if we admire,
And even without approving, they desire:
Their private wish, obeys the publick Voice,
'Twixt good and bad whimsies decides not choice;
Fashions grown up to taste, at forms they strike,
They know what they would have, not what they
Boby's a *Beauty*, if some few agree, (like.
To call him so, the rest to that degree Sir
Affected are, that with their Ears they see. R.
Where I was Visiting the other *Night*. B.
Comes a fine *Lady* with her humble *Knight*,
Who had prevail'd with her thro' her own skill,
At his request, though much against his will
To come to *London*——
As the *Coach* stopt, I heard her Voice more loud,
Than a great Bellied Woman's in a Crowd,
Telling the *Knight*, that her Affairs require,
He for some Hours, obsequiously retire
I think she was asham'd he shou'd be seen,
Hard fate of *Husband*, the *Gallant* had been.

Though a diſeas'd, ill-favour'd *Fool* brought in
Diſpatch, ſays ſhe, the bus'neſs you pretend,
Your Beaſtly Viſit, to your drunken *Friend*;
A Bottle, ever makes you look ſo fine;
Methinks I long to ſmell you ſtink of *Wine*:
Your *Country* drinking Breath's enough to Kill,
Sowre Ale, corrected with a *Lemmon-Pill*.
Prithee farewell, w'll meet again anon,
The neceſſary thing, bows, and is gone.
She flies up ſtairs, and all the haſt does ſhow,
That ſilly *Antick Poſtures* will allow.
And then burſts out—And Madam am not I,
The ſtrangeſt alter'd Creeture! let me Die,
I find my ſelf ridiculouſly grown,
Embarraſt, with my being out of Town:
Rude, and untaught, like any Indian Queen,
My Country *Nakedneſs, is ſtrangely ſeen.*
How is Love *govern'd,* Love *that rules the ſtate*
And pray who are the Men *moſt worn of late?*
When I was Marri'd, Fools, *were All-a-mode,*
The Men *of* Wit, *were then held incommode,*
Slow of belief, and fickle in deſire,
Who e're they'll be perſwaded, muſt enquire,
As if they came to ſpy, not to admire.
With ſearching wiſdom, fatal to their eaſe,
They find out why, what may, and ſhou'd not pleaſe.
Nay take themſelves for injur'd, when we dare,
Make 'em thing better of us than we are:
And if we hide our Frailties from their ſights,
Call us deceitful Jilts, *and* Hypocrites;
They little gueſs, (who at our Arts are griev'd)
The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd:

Inqui-

Inquisitive, as Felows Cuckolds *grow.*
Rather than not be knowing, they will know,
What being known, creates their certain Woe.
Women, shou'd these of all Mankind *avoid,*
For wonder my clear knowledge is destroy'd,
Woman, *who is an Arrant* Bird *of Night,*
Bold in the Dusk, before a Fools *dull sight,*
Must fly, when Reason *brings the blazing light.*
But the kind easie Fool, *apt to admire*
Himself, trusts us; his Follies all Conspire,
To flatter his, and favour our desire:
Vain of his proper Merit, be with ease,
Believes we love him best, we best can please:
On him our gross, dull, common, flatteries, pass,
Ever most happy, when most made an Ass;
Heavy to apprehend, though all Mankind
Perceive us false, the Fop *himself, is blind,*
Who doating on himself———
Thinks ev'ry one that sees him of his Mind.
These are true Womens Men *here forc'd to cease,*
Through want of Breath, not Will, to hold her (peace;
She to the Window runs, where she had spy'd,
Her much estem'd dear *Friend*, the *Monkey* ey'd.
With Forty Smiles, as many Antick Bows,
As if 't had been the *Lady* of the House,
The dirty Chatt'ring *Monster*, she imbrac'd;
And made it this fine tender Speech at last.
Kiss me! thou curious Miniature of Man,
How odd thou art! how pretty! how japan!
Oh I cou'd live and dye with thee! Then on
For half an hour in Complements she ran.

I took this time to think what Nature meant
When this mixt thing into the World she sent,
So very Wise, yet so Impertinent.
One that knows ev'ry thing; that God thought fit,
Shou'd be an *Ass*, through chioce, not want of wit.
Whose Foppery, without the help of Sense,
Cou'd ne're have rise to such an Excellence.
Nature's as lame in making a true Fop,
As a philosopher the very top
And dignity of Folly, we attain
By studious search, and labour of the Brain;
By observation, councel, and deep thought;
God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat;
We owe that Name to Industry and Arts,
An eminent Fool must be a Man of parts:
And such a one was she, who had turn'd o're
As many *Books*, as *Men*, lov'd much, read more;
Had discerning *Wit*, to her was known
Ev'ry ones fault, or merit, but her own:
All the good Qualitias that ever blest
A Woman, so distinguish'd from the rest,
Except Discretion only, she possest.
But now *Moncher*, dear *Pug*, says she, adieu,
And the discourse broke off, does thus renew.
You smile to see me, whom the World *perchance*
Mistakes to have some Wit, so far advance
The interest of Fools, *that I approve*
Their Merit more than Mens *of Wit, and Love:*
But in our Sex, *too many proofs there are*
Of such whom Wits *undo, and* Fools *repair:*
This in my time was so observ'd a Rule,
Hardly a Wench *in* Town *but had her Fool;*

The

The meaneſt common Slut, *who long was grown*
The Jeſt and Scorn of ev'ry Pit-Buffoon,
Had yet left Charms enough to have ſubdu'd
Some Fop *or other, fond to be thought Lew'd.*
F——*could make an* Iriſh Lord, *a* Nokes;
And B——M——*had her* City Cokes.
A Woman's *ne're ſo Ruin'd, but ſhe can*
Be ſtill Reveng'd on her undoer, Man.
How loſt ſoe're, ſhe'll find ſome Lover *more,*
A more abandon'd Fool, *than ſhe a* Whore.
The wretched thing, Corinna, *who was run* R.
Through all the ſeveral ways of being undone;
Couzen'd at firſt by Love, and living then
By turning the too dear-bought Cheat on Men.
Gay were the hours, and wing'd with Joy they flew,
When firſt the Town, *her early* Beauties *knew;*
Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Preſents fed,
Youth in her Cheeks, *and Pleaſure in her* Bed.
Till Fate, *or her ill* Angel, *thought it fit,*
To make her doat upon a Man *of* Wit,
Who found 'twas dull to Love above a Day,
Made his ill-natur'd Jeſt, and went away.
Now Scorn'd of all, forſaken and oppreſt,
She's a *Memento Mori* to the Reſt.
Diſeas'd, decay'd, to take up Half a Crown
Muſt Mortgage *her long* Scarfe, *and* Mantoe-Gown
Poor Creature! *who unheard of, as a* Fly,
In ſome dark Hole, muſt all the Winter lie.
And want ſhe muſt endure a whole Half Year,
That for one Month, *ſhe Taudry may appear:*
In Eaſter-Term *ſhe gets her a new* Gown,
When my young Maſters Worſhip *comes to* Town;

The

From

From Pedagogue, *and* Mother, *just set free,*
The hopeful Heir *of a great* Family;
Who with strong Beer *and* Beef *the* Country *rules,*
And ever since the Conqueſt *have been* Fools.
And still with careful proſpect, to maintain
This Character, *leſt croſſing of the* Strain,
Shou'd mend the Booby Breed, *his Friends provide*
A Couſin *of his own to be his* Bride.
And thus ſet out ———
With an Eſtate, *no* Wit, *and a young* Wife,
The ſolids Comforts of a Coxcomb's *Life*;
Dunghil, *and* Peaſe, *forſook, he comes to* Town,
Turns Spark, *learns to be Lewd, and is undone.*
Nothing ſuits worſe with Vice, *than want of ſenſe,*
Fools *are ſtill wicked, at their own expence.*
This o're grown School Boy, *loſt* Corinna, *wins,*
At the firſt daſh, to make an Aſs, *begins.*
Pretends to like a Man, *that has not known*
The Vanities, nor Vices of the Town.
Freſh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,
Eager of Joys, which he does ſeldom prove.
Healthful, and ſtrong, he does no pains endure,
But what the fair one, he adores, can cure:
Grateful for favours, does the Sex *eſteem,*
And Libels *none, for being kind to him.*
Then of the Lewdneſs of the Town *complains,*
Rails at the Wits, *and* Atheiſts, *and maintains,*
'Tis better than good ſenſe, than Power, *or* Wealth,
To have a Blood untainted, Youth, and Health.
The ill-bred Puppy, *who had never ſeen*
A Creature *look ſo gay, or talk ſo fine;*

Believes,

Believers, then falls in Love, and then in Debt,
Morgages *all, ev'n to the* Antient Seat,
To buy this Miſtriſs, *a new* Houſe, *for Life*;
To give her Plate, *and* Jewels, *Robs his* Wife.
And when to the height of fondneſs he is grown,
'Tis time to poiſon him, and all's her own.
Thus meeting in her common Arms his Fate,
He leaves her Baſtard, Heir *to his Eſtate*;
And as the Race *of ſuch an* Owl *deſerves,*
His own dull lawful Progeny *he ſtarves.*
Nature, *who never made a thing in vain,*
But does each Inſect *to ſome end ordain,*
VViſely provides kind-keeping Fools, *no doubt,*
To patch up Vices, Men *of* Wit, *wear out.*
Thus ſhe run on two hours, ſome grains of ſenſe,
Still mixt with *Volleys* of Impertinence.
But now 'tis time I ſhou'd ſome pity ſhow
To *Clæ*, ſince I cannot chooſe but know
Readers muſt reap the dulneſs *VVriters* ſow.
By the next *Poſt* I will ſuch ſtories tell,
As join'd to theſe, ſhall to a *Volume* ſwell;
Truer than *Heaven*, more infamous than *Hell.*
But you are tir'd, and ſo am I---

Farewell.

The Imperfect Enjoyment.

NAked ſhe lay, claſpt in my longing Arms,
I fill'd with Love, and ſhe all over Charms,
Both epually inſpir'd with eager fire,
Melting through kindneſs, flaming in deſire;

With

With *Arms*, *Legs*, *Lips*, close clinging to embrace,
She clips me to her *Breast*, and sucks me to her
(*Face.*
The nimble *Tongue* (*Love*'s lesser Lightning) plaid
Within my *Mouth*, and to my thoughts convey'd
Swift Orders, that I should prepare to throw
The *All-dissolving Thunderbolt* below.
My flutt'ing *Soul*, sprung with the pointed Kiss,
Hangs hov'ing o're her *Balmy Lips* of Bliss.
But whilst her busie hand, wou'd guide that part,
Which shou'd convey my *Soul* up to her *Heart*.
In Liquid *Raptures*, I dissolve all o're,
Melt into Sperm, and spend at every Pore:
A touch from any part from her had don't;
Her Hand, her Foot, her very Look's a *Cunt*.
Smiling, she Chides in a kind murm'ring *Noise*,
And from her *Body* wips the Clammy Joys;
When with a Thousand Kisses, wandring o're
My panting Breast, and is there then no more?
She cries. All this to Love and Rapture's due
Must we not pay a Debt to Pleasure too?
But I the most forlorn, lost Man alive,
To shew my wisht Obedience vainly strive,
I Sigh alas! and Kiss, but cannot *Swive*.
Eager desire confound my first intent,
Succeeding shames does more success prevent,
And Rage at last confirms me Impotent;
Even her fair Hand, which might bid heat return
To frozen Age, and make cold *Hermits* burn;
Applyed to my dead *Cinder* warms no more,
Than Fire to Ashes could past Flames restore:

Trem-

Trembling, confus'd, deſpairing, limber, dry,
A wiſhing, weak unmoving Lump I lie;
This *Dart* of Love, whoſe piercing point oft try'd
With *Virgin-blood*, *Ten Thouſand Maids* has dy'd:
Which *Nature* ſtill directed with ſuch *Art*,
That it through every *Cunt* reacht e'ry *Heart*;
Stiffly reſolv'd, two'd carelesly invade
VVoman or *Boy*, nor ought its fury ſtaid,
Where e're it pierc'd, a *Cunt* it found or made.
Now languid lies in this unhappy hour,
Shrunk up and Sapleſs, like a wither'd Flower.
Thou treackerous, baſe deſerter of my flame,
Falſe to my Paſſion, fatal to my Fame;
By what miſtaken *Magick* doſt thou prove,
So true to Lewdneſs, ſo untrue to Love?
What *Oyſter*, *Cinder*, *Beggar*, Common *VVhore*,
Didſt thou e're fail in all thy Life before?
When *Vice*, *Diſeaſe* and *Scandal*, lead the way,
With what officious haſte does thou obey?
Like a Rude roaring *Hector* in the Streets,
That Scuffles, Cuffs, and Ruffles all he meets?
But if his King or Country claim his Aid,
The *Raſcal Villian* ſhrinks and hides his Head:
Even ſo thy Brutal Valor is diſplaid,
Breaks every *Stew*, does each ſmall *VVhore invade*,
But if great *Love*, the onſet does command,
Baſe Recreant, to thy *Prince*, thou darſt not ſtand.
Worſt part of me, and henceforth hateſt moſt,
Through all the *Town*, the common *Fucking Poſt*;
On whom each *VVhore*, relieves her tingling *Cunt*,
As *Hogs*, on *Goats* do rub themſelves and grunt.

May'ſt

May'ſt thou to rav'nous *Shankers*, be a *Prey*,
Or in conſuming *Weepings* waſte away.
May *Stranguaries*, and *Stone*, thy *Days* attend,
Mayſt thou ne're Piſs, who didſt refuſe to ſpend,
When all my Joys did on Falſe the depend.
And may *Ten Thouſand* abler *Pricks* agree,
To do the wrong'd *Corinna*, right for thee.

To LOVE.

O! nunquam pro me ſatis indignate Cupido.

OH *Love*! how cold, and ſlow to take my part,
Thou idel *Wanderer*, about my *Heart*,
Why thy *Old* faithful *Soldier*, wilt thou ſee
Oppreſt in thy own *Tents*? they Murder me.
Thy Flames Conſume, thy Arrows Pierce thy (*Friends*,
Rather on *Foes*, purſue more Noble Ends.
Achilles Sword, wou'd gen'rouſly beſtow,
A Cure, as certain, as it gave the blow.
Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o're,
When the *Prey*'s caught, hope ſtill leads on before,
We thy own *Slaves* feel thy *Tyrannick* blows,
Whilſt thy tame Hands unmov'd againſt thy *Foes*.
On *Men* diſarm'd, how can you gallant prove,
And I was long ago diſarm'd by Love.
Millions of dull *Men* live, and ſcornful *Maids*,
We'll own *Love* valiant, when he theſe invades.
Rome, from each *Corner* of the wide *World*, ſnatch'd
A *Lawrel*, or't had been to this Day thatch'd.

But

But the Old *Soldier*, has his resting place,
And the good batter'd *Horse* is turn'd to *Grass*.
The harrast *Whore*, who liv'd a *wretch* to please,
Has leave to be a *Bawd*, and take her ease.
For me then, who have freely spent my Blood,
(Love) in thy Service, and so boldly stood
In *Celia's Trenches*, were't not wisely done,
E'n to retire, and live at peice at home?
No—might I gain a *God-head*, to disclaim,
My glorious *Title*, to my endless flame:
Divinity, with scorn, I wou'd forswear,
Such sweet, dear, tempting *Devils*, *Women* are.
When e're those flames grow faint, I quickly find,
A fierce black Storm pour down upon my *Mind*:
Head-long, I'm hurl'd, like *Horse-men*, who in vain,
Their (fury foaming) *Coursers*, wou'd restrain,
As *Ships*, just when the *Harbour* they attain,
Are Snatcht by sudden *Blasts*, to *Sea* again:
So *Loves* fantasticks storms, reduce my *Heart*,
Half-rescu'd, and the *God* resumes his *Dart*.
Strike here, this undefended *Bosome* wound,
And for so brave a *Conquest* be renown'd.
Shafts fly so fast to me from ev'ry part,
You'll scarce discern your *Quiver* from my Heart.
What *wretch* can bear a live-long Nights dull rest,
Or think himself in Lazy Slumbers blest?
Fool—— is not sleep the Image of pale Death?
There's time for rest, when Fate has stopt your (Breath.

Me, may my soft deluding Dear deceive,
I'm happy in my hopes, whilst I believe.

Now

Now let her Flatter, then as fondly Chide;
Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.
With doubtful steps the *God* of War does move,
By thy Example, in Ambiguous Love.
Blown to and fro like *Down* from thy own Wing;
Who knows when Joy or Anguish, thou wilt bring?
Yet at thy Mothers, and thy Slaves request.
Fix an Eternal Empire in my Breast;
And let the inconstant charming Sex,
Whose wilful Scorns does Lovers Vex;
Submit their Hearts before thy Throne,
The Vassal World is then thy own.

The Maim'd Debauchee.

AS some brave Admiral, in former War,
Depriv'd of Force, but prest with Courage still;
Two Rival-Fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent Hill,
From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he views
The wise and daring Conduct of the Fight,
And each bold Action to his Mind renews
His present Glory, and his past Delight.
From his fierce Eyes Flashes of Rage he throws,
As from black Clouds when Lightning breaks away,
Transported, thinks himself amids his Foes,
And absent yet enjoys the Bloody Day.

So

So when my Days of Impotence approach,
And I'm by Pox and Wines unlucky Chance
Driv'n from the pleasing Billows of Debauch,
On the dull Shoar of Lazy Temperance.

My Pains at last some Respite shall afford,
Whilst I behold the Battels you maintain,
When Fleets of Glasses sail about the Board,
From whose Broad sides Volleys of Wit shall rain.

Nor shall the sight of Honourable Scars,
Which my too forward Valour did procure,
Frighten new-listed Souldiers from the Wars;
Past Joys have more than paid what I endure.

Shou'd hopeful Youths (worth being drunk) prove (Nice
And from their fair Inviters meanly shrink,
'Twou'd please the Ghost of my departed Vice,
If at my Counsel they repent and drink.

Or shou'd some cold-complexion'd Sot forbid,
With his dull Morals, our Nights brisk Alarms,
I'll fire his Blood, by telling what I did
When I was strong, and able to bear Arms.

I'll tell of Whores attack'd, there Lords at home,
Bawds Quarters beaten up, and Fortress wone,
Windows demolish'd, Watches overcome,
And handsom ills, by my contrivance done.

Nor shall our Love-firs, *Cloris* be forgot,
When each the well-lookt Link-boy strove t'enjoy,
And the best Kiss was the deciding Lot,
Whether the Boy us'd you, or I the Boy.

With Tales like these, I will such Heat inspire,
As to important Mischief shall incline;
I'll make them long some Ancient Church to fire,
And fear no Lewdness they're call'd to by Wine.
Thus States-man like, I'll sawcily impose,
And safe from Danger, valiantly advise,
Shelter'd in impotence, urge you to Blows,
And being good for nothing else, be wise.

The Argument,

How Tall-Boy, Kill-Prick, Suck-Prick *did contend*
For Bridegroom Dildo, *Friend did fight with Friend;*
But Man of God, *by* Lay-men *called* Parson,
Contriv'd by turns, how each might rub her Arse *on.*

SAy, Heav'n-born Muse, for only thou can'st tell,
How discord Dire between two Widows fell;
What made the Fair One, and her well-shap'd (Mother,
Duty forget, and pious Nature smother.
Who was most Modest, Virtuous, or Fair,
Was not the cause of contest, I dare swear.
Nor Wit, nor Breeding, rais'd this Emulation;
Those things with them are Trifles out of fashion:
Great was the Strife rais'd up by envious Fate,
To ruin *Pego*'s happy Reign and State.

When

When *R*——with evil Eye beheld
The Three dear Friends, his Heart with Rancour (swell'd,
That in one Houſe they were of one accord,
Wanton in Bed, and Riotous at Board,
Preferring Brawny G——to Spiny Lord;
He vow'd to break this Triple League of Love,
And from their Breaſts ſweet *Friendſhip* to remove.
In a foul Day from bawdy *Bath* he flies,
To put in Act his haſted Enterpriſe.
I'th' Bow'r of Bliſs, where ſacred Ballocks dwells,
There lives a Hag deep read in Charms and ſpells,
Philters and Potions, that by magick Skill
Can give an Eunuch Stones, and Cunt its fill;
Babes at her call fly from the breeding Womb,
With neighbor Turd in loathſome Jakes to roam;
As oft as Finger, *Dildo*, *Pego*, rape
The Virgin *Hymen*, ſhe repairs the Gap:
Frm'd through the World for the Cunt-mending (Trade:
To her he goes, t' implore her mighty Aid;
By Men ſhe's call'd the Mother of the Maids.
Hail, worthy Dame, (ſaid he) repleat with Grace,
Mother o'th' Maids, Daughter of Noble Race!
Whilſt men of God to *Betty B*——go, (flow,
Whilſt Prick and Pen with white an black do's
My laſting Verſe ſhall magnifie thy Fame,
And melting Tarſe adore thy wholy Name;
Therefore, dear mother lend thine equal Ear
To my Complaint, and favour my juſt Pray'r.
There is a Place, a down a gloomy Vale, *Bath.*
Where burthen'd Nature lays her naſty Tail;

Ten thouſand Pilgrims thither do reſort
For Eaſe, Diſeaſe, for Letchery and *Sport*:
Thither two Beldams and a jilting Wife
Came to Swive of the tedious Hours of Life.
I willing to contribute to their joy,
Offer'd my *Mite* to th' young unſatiate Toy,
Who baniſh'd Cuck, cauſe Cunt he cou'd not cloy.
Her upright Dam, *Kill*-Prick, the wiſe old Jew,
Told me, I muſt twelve times her Womb bedew.
E're her Child *Suck-prick* ſhould her Bottocks ſhew.
Reſolv'd to win (like *Hercules*) the Prize, (thighs;
Twelve times I ſcour'd the Kennel 'twixt her
The cheating Jilt, at the Twelfth, *A dry bob* cries.
My Prick and I thus croſs-bit in high Rage
Appeal'd to the skilful Sticklers on the Stage;
With that fair *Tall-boy* and bold *Suck-prick* come
To ſqueeſe my Tarſe and paſs their final Doom;
Saying, if one *Priapus* I could ſhew
One holy Relick of kind pearly Dew,
I the twelfth time in *Kill-prick's* Arſe did ſpew.
To their deciding Teſt I did ſubmit;
Priapus ſqueez'd, a Snow-ball did emit:
Yet theſe two partial Dames, *A dry-bob* cry,
Perform your Bargain (Peer) or Frig and die.
Thus was I rook'd of twelve ſubſtantial Fucks,
By theſe baſe ſtinking over itching Nocks.
Your Aid, your Aid, dear *Mother* me inſpire
With apt Revenge to feed my raging Fire.
The gracious *Matron*, ſmilling on him, ſaid,
Be it as thou deſir'ſt my dear lov'd Lad;
For this Abuſe the Rump fed Runts ſhall mourn,
Till ſlimy Cunt to grimy Arſe-hole turn.

By

By her Caves mouth a verdant Myrtle grows,
Bearing Loves Trophies on his facred Boughs;
The Crowns of Kings were offer'd to this Shrine,
Dildoes and *Merkins* of the Royal Line;
Fair *Ladies Hearts* with mitred Pricks transfixt,
In myſtick manner make the Crucifix.
To the Tree ſhe leads him, from a Bough pulls
A mighty Tool, a *Dildoe* of Renown: (down,
A *Dildoe* long, and large, as *Hector*'s Lance,
Inſcribed, *Honi Soit Qui Mal y' Pence.*
Knight of the Garter made for's vaſt Deſerts,
As Modern *Heroe* was for's monſtrous Parts,
This, Pious Son, (ſaid ſhe) Nail up in Box,
By Carrier ſend it theſe ſault-burning Nocks,
Directed thus: *To the Lady moſt deſerving,* (*ving.*
Who's made moſt Slaves, and kept moſt Pricks *from ſtar-*
O're-joy'd with hop'd Succeſs, away he flies
To *Bath* diſguis'd, to bear the welcome Prize;
But when they ſaw the Image of Bleſt Man,
Who can expreſs how faſt, how ſwift they ran,
Each for herſelf ſo ſeized! No Dog at Deer,
Nor Hawk at Hern ſhew'd ſuch a ſwift Career;
At once they ſouſe on the beloved Prey,
And ſworn Friends to engage in mortal Fray.
Old *Kill-Prick*, dreadful to her Friends and Foes,
Like *Luxemburgh* in Back and Breaſt-plate ſhows.
Gigantick *Tall-Boy*, famed in the Weſt
For *Corniſh-Hugg*, to the Fight her ſelf addreſt;
Whilſt the Child *Suck-Prick* hop'd to ſteal away,
By Stratagem, the Glory of the Day.
But all in vain, *Tall-Boy* with one Hand held
Jov's Prize, which th' other crafty *Suck-prick* fell'd:

But Looks, nor Meanaces, nor crashing Blow,
Cou'd make stout *Kill-Prick* quit her lov'd *Dildoe*:
Undaunted, she maintain'd a Cruel Fight,
For Conquest scratcht and tore with all her might.
So have I seen a Crump-back'd Crablouse stick
With fervent love to lick creating Prick;
The more he pulls, the more the loving Wretch
Do's strive to stay, and to each Hair do's catch,
Till Murd'ring Man, enrag'd, from Ballock tears
The Nock-born Brat, and ends his hopeful Years.
So had it fair'd with *Kill-Prick*, had not Fate
Sent *Man of God* to end the Dire Debate.
What Rage, what Fury (said he) *do's ye stir,*
To shed the Blood of Saints in Cruel War?
How will you make the Mother Church to Mourn,
And to Fanatitks be the Publick Scorn?
For shame, Dear Souls, reserve your Noble Blood
To spend with Man. Abasht the Warriers stood
To see the Holy Father in the Place;
But strait on the Matter putting a good Face,
Thus *Kill-Prick* spake: *To you, O Reverend Sir,*
The Justness of the Cause I will transfer;
A Cause to great for Lay-men vile to try,
Fit for Plus Ultra's *deep Divinity;*
A cause for which Blest Saints above would Die!
The Modest *Tall-Boy* so devout appears,
Though stealing Pricks, you'd think she said her (Pray's.
And though sh' had almost won the Bloody Field,
With *Suck Prick*) Babe of Grace) to this do's yield.
The cause being stated, Holy Man do's pray
For a Blessing on's Endeavours, then do's say,

Whereas,

Whereas, Sage Matrons, you do all agree,
Your Case to yield to my Integrity,
Fitter for General Council than weak me;
Dildo's *a lawful Tool, deny't who can,*
I'll prove 'tis made for a meet help for Man;
As unto Rector, Curate is assistant,
So Dildo's *to fall'n* Prick, *when* Cunt *has pist on't.*
But here's th' Elest ordain'd for Propagation,
Who trusts in this, is blest in Generation:
This has done more than Tunbridge, Bath *or* Epsom,
Though ne're so barren this is sure to help 'm.
Then pulling out the Rector of the Females,
Nine times he bath'd him in their piping hot
Panting, quoth he, *Now Peace be on you all,* (Tails:
When I am absent, then on Dildoe *call;*
As those in Holy-Church to Image pray,
When Wonderworking Saint is out o' th' way.
Thus all well-pleas'd, to Church away they go,
To sing *Te Deum* for their dear *Dildoe.*

An Allusion to Harace,
The Tenth Satyr on the First Book.
Nempe incomposito Dixi pede, &c.

WEll Sir, 'tis granted, I said *D*—Rhimes
Were stoln, unequal, nay dull many (times:
What foolish Patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this?

But

But that his Plays, embroider'd up and down
With Wit and Learning, juſtly pleas'd the Town,
In the ſame Paper I as freely own.
Yet having this allow'd the heavy Maſs
That ſtuffs up his looſe Volumes muſt not paſs:
For by that Rule I might as well admit
Crown's tedious Scences for Poetry and Wit.
'Tis therefore not enough when your falſe Senſe
Hits the falſe Judgment of an Audience,
Of Clapping Fools aſſembled a vaſt Crowd,
Till the throng'd *Playhouſe* crack with the *dull Load*;
Though ev'n that Talent merits, in ſome ſort,
That can divert the Rabble, and the Court;
Which blundring *S*— never cou'd attain,
And puzling *O*— labours at in vain:
But within due Proportions circumſcribe
What e're you write, that with a flowing Tide
The Stile may riſe, yet in his riſe forbear
With uſeleſs words t' oppreſs the wearied Ear.
Here be your Language lofty, there more light,
Your Rhetorick with your Poetry unite:
For Elegance ſake ſometimes allay the force
Of Epithets, 'twill ſoften the Diſcourſe.
A Jeſt in ſcorn points out and hit the thing
More home than the moroſer *Satyr*'s Sting.
Shakeſpear and *Johnſon* did herein excel,
And might in this be imitated well;
Whom refin'd *E*——Copies not at all,
But is himſelf a meer Original.
Nor that ſlow Drug in ſwift *Pinderick Strains*,
F——who *C*—— imitates with pains,
And Rides a Jaded Muſe whipt with looſe Reins.

When

When *Lee* makes temp'rate *Scipio* fret and rave,
And *Hanibal* a whining Amorous Slave,
I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd Fustian Fool
In *B*—— Hands to be well lasht at School.
Of all our Modern Wits, none seems to me
One to have touch'd upon true *Comedy*,
But hasty *Shadwel*, and slow *Wicherly*.
Shadwel's unfinish'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of force of Nature, none of Art;
With just bold Strokes he dashes here and there,
Shewing great Mastery, with little Care;
And scorns to varnish his great touches o're,
To make the Fools and Woman praise 'em more.
But *Wichery* earns hard what e're he gains,
He wants no Judgment, nor he spares no Pains;
He frequently excels, and at the least
Makes fewer Faults than any of the best.
Waller, by Nature for the Bays design'd,
With Force, and Fire, and Fancy unconfin'd,
In *Panegyricks* do's excel Mankind.
He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,
To praise Great Conquerors, or to flatter Kings.
For pointed *Satyrs* I would *Buckhurst* chuse,
The best good Man, with the worst natur'd Muse,
For Songs and Verses, mannerly, obscene,
That then stir Nature up by Spring unseen,
And without forcing Blushes, warm the Queen.
Sidley has that prevailing, gentle Art,
That can with a resistless Charm impart
The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart;
Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,
Betwixt declining Vertue and Desire,

Till

Till the poor vanquisht Maid desolves away,
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.
D— in vain try'd this nice way of Wit.
For he to be a tearing Blade thought fit;
But when he wou'd be sharp, he still was blunt,
To frisk his frollick Fancy, he'd cry *Cunt*,
Wou'd give the Ladies a dry Bawdy Bob,
And thus he got the Name of *Poet-Squab*.
But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,
His Excellencies more then Faults abound;
Nor dear I from his Sacred Temples tear
That Lawrel which he best deserves to wear.
But do's not *D*— find even *Johnson* dull?
Fletcher and *Beaumont* uncorrect, and full
Of *Lewd Lines*, as he calls them? *Shakespear*'s Stile
Stiff and affected; to his own the while
Allowing all the Justness that his Pride
So arragantly had to these deny'd?
And may not I have leave impartially
To search and censure *D*— Works, and try
If those gross Faults his choice Pen do's commit,
Proceed from want of Judgment, or of Wit?
Or if his lumpish Fancy do's refuse
Spirit and Grace, to lose his flattern Muse?
Five Hundred Verses every Morning writ,
Proves you no more a Poet, than a Wit:
Such scribling Authors have been seen before;
Mustapha, the *English Princess*, Forty more,
Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour:
To write what may securely stand the Test
Of being well read over thrice at least,

Compare

Compare each Phraiſe, examine every Line,
Weigh ev'ry *Word*, and ev'ry *Thought* refine;
Scorn all *Applauſe* the vile Rout can beſtow,
And be content to pleaſe thoſe few you know.
Canſt thou be ſuch a vain miſtaken *Thing*,
To wiſh thy *Works* might makt a Play-houſe ring
With the unthinking *Laughter* and poor *Praiſe*
Of Fops and Ladies, factious for thy *Plays*?
Then, ſend a cunning to learn thy Doom
From the ſhrewd Judges of the Drawing Room.
I've no *Ambition* on that idle ſcore,
But ſay with *Betty M*— heretofore,
When a Court-Lady call'd her *B*—— *Whore*;
I pleaſe one Man of *Wit*, and Proud on't too,
Let all the Coxcombs dance to *Bed* to you.
Shou'd I be troubled when the pur-blind Knight,
Who ſquints more in his Judgment than his Sight,
Picks ſilly Faults, and cenſures what I write?
Or when the poor-fed *Poets* of the *Town*
For Scraps and Coach room cry mu Verſes down?
I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me
If *S*——, *S*——, *W*——.
G——, *B*——, *B*——, *B*——,
And ſome few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my Senſe, I count their Cenſure Fame.

In Defence of Satyr.

WHen *Shakeſpear*, *Johnſon*, *Fletcher*, rul'd the (Stage,
They took ſo bold a Freedom with the Age,
That

That there was ſcare a Knave or Fool in *Town*,
Of any Note, but had his Picture ſhown ;
And(without doubt)though ſome it may offend,
Nothing helps more than *Satyr* to amend
Ill manners, or his trulier Virtues Friend.
Princes may Laws ordain,Prieſts gravely Preach,
But Poets moſt ſucceſsfully will teach.
For as a Paſſing-Bell frights from his Meat
The greedy ſick Man that too much wou'd eat ;
So when a Vice rediculous is made, (bad.
Our Neighbor's Shame keepsus from growing
But wholſome Remedies few Palates pleaſe,
Men rather loves that flatters their Diſeaſe ;
Pimps, Paraſites Buffoons, and all their Crew
That under Friendſhips Name weak Man undo,
Find their falſe Service kindlier underſtood,
Than ſuch as tell bold *Truths* to do us good.
Look where you will, and you ſhall hardly find
A Man without ſome ſickneſs of the Mind.
In vain we *Wiſe* wou'd ſeem, while ev'ry Luſt
Whisks us about, as *Whirlwinds* do the Duſt.
Here, for ſome needleſs Gain, a *Wretch* is hurl'd
From Pole to Pole, and ſlav'd about the *World* ;
While the Reward of all his Pains and Care
End in that deſpicable Thing, his Heir.
There a vain Fop Mortgages all his Land,
To buy that gaud Play-thing, a Command :
To ride a Cock-horſe wear a Scarf at's Aſs,
And Play the *Puding* in a *May-day* Farce.
Here one, whom God to make a *Fool* thought
(fit,
In ſpight of Providence will be a Wit ;

But

Butwanting ſtrength t' uphold his ill-made choice,
Sets up with Lewdneſs. Blaſphemy, and Noiſe.
There, at his Miſtreſs Feet a Lover lies,
And for a Tawdery Painted Baby Dies;
Fall on his Knees, Adores, and is afraid
Of the vain Idol he himſelf has made.
Theſe, and a Thouſand Fools unmention'd here,
Hate Poets all, becauſe they Poets fear:
Take heed (they cry) yonder Mad Dog will bite,
He cares not whom he falls on in his Fit;
Come but in's way, and ſtraight a new *Lampoon*
Shall ſpread your manag'd Fame about the Town.
But why am I this Bug-bear to ye all;
My Pen is dipt in no ſuch bitter Gall.
He that can rain at one he call's his Friend,
Or hear him abſent wrong'd, and not defend;
who for the ſake of ſome ill-naur'd Jeſt,
Tell what he ſhou'd conceal, invents the reſt;
To fatal Midnight Quarrels can betray
His brave Companion, and then run away,
Leaving him to be murder'd in the Street,
Then put it off with ſome Buffoon Conceit;
This, this is he you ſhou'd beware of all,
Yet him a pleaſant witty *Man* you call.
To whet your dull Debauthes, up and down
You ſeek him, as top Fidler of the Town.
But if I laugh when the Court Cox-combs
To ſee that Booby *Sotus* dance *Provoe*, (ſhow,
Or chatt'ring *Porus* from the Side-Box grin,
Trickt like a Ladies Monkey new made clean,
To me the name of *Railer* ſtrait you give,
Call me a Man that knows not how to live.

But

But Wenches to their Keepers true ſhall turn,
Stail Maids of Honour proffer'd Husbands ſcorn,
Great Stateſmen Flattery and Clinches hate,
And, long in Office, Die without Eſtate;
Againſt a Bribe, Court-Judges ſhall decide
The City Knavery, the Clergy Pride,
E're that black Malice in my Rhimes you find,
That wrongs a Worthy Man, or hurts a Friend:
But then perhaps you'l ſay, Why do you write?
What you think harmleſs Mirth, the World (thinks Spite;
Why ſhou'd your Fingers itch to have a Laſh
At *Simius* the Buffoon, or *Cully Baſh*?
What is't to you, if *Aliodore*'s fine Whore
Fucks with ſome Fop, whilſt he's ſhut out of door?
Conſider pray; that dang'rous Weapon Wit;
Frightens a Million, when a few you hit.
Whip but a Cur, as you ride through a Town,
And ſtrait his Fellow-Curs the Quarrel own.
Each Knave or Fool that's conſcious of a Crime;
Tho' he ſcapes now looks for't another time.
Sir, I confeſs all you have ſaid is true;
But who has not ſome Folly to purſue?
Milo turn'd *Quixot*, fanc'd Battles Fights,
When the fifth Bottle had encreas'd the Lights.
War-like Dirt-pies our *Heroe Paris* forms,
Which deſp'rate *Boſſus* without Armour ſtorms.
Cornus, the kindeſt Husband e're was born,
Still courts the Spark that do's his Brows adorn?
Invites him home to Dine, and fills his Veins
With the hot Blood which his dear Doxy drains.

Grandio

Grandio thinks himself a *Beau Garcon*,
Goggles his Eyes, writes Letters up and down,
And with his lawcy Love plagues all the Town.
While pleas'd to have his Vanity thus fed,
He's caught with G——, that old Hag a-bed,
But shou'd I all the crying Follies tell
That rowse the sleeping *Satyr* from his Cell,
I to my Reader shou'd as tedious prove,
As that old Spark, *Albanius*, making Love;
Or florid *Roscius*, when with some smooth flam
He gravely on the Publick tries to sham.
Hold then my Muse, 'tis time to make an end,
Lest taxing others thou thy self offend.
The World's a Wood, in which all lose their way
Though by a diff'rent Path each goes astray.

On the supposed Author of a late Poem *in defence of* Satyr.

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning Brain
In *Satyr*'s praise, to a low untun'd Strain,
In the was most impertinent and vain.
When in thy *Person* we most clearly see
That *Satyr*'s of Divine Authority,
For *God* made one on *Man*, when he made Thee;
To shew there were some *Men*, as there are *Apes*,
Fram'd for meer Sprot, who differ but in Shapes;
In thee are all these Contradictions joyn'd,
That make an *Ass* prodigious and refin'd.
A Lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born,
Begot in Lov's despite, and Natures scorn,

And

And art grown up the moſt ungreatful Weight,
Harſh to the Ear, and hideous to the Sight;
Yet *Love*'s thy Bus'neſs, *Beauty* thy Delight.
Curſe on that ſilly Hour that firſt inſpir'd
Thy Madneſs to pretend to be admir'd,
To paint thy griezly Face, to dance, to dreſs,
And all thoſe awkard Follies that expreſs
Thy loathſome Love, and filthy Daintineſs;
Who needs will be an ugly *Beau Garcon*,
Spit at, and ſhun'd by ev'ry *Girl* in *Town*,
Where dreadfully *Loves Scarecrow* thou art plac'd,
To fright the tender Flock that long to taſte:
While ev'ry coming *Maid*, when you appear,
Starts back for ſhame, and ſtraight turns Chaſte
(for fear.
For none ſo poor or *Proſtitute* have prov'd,
Where you made love, t' endure to be belov'd.
'Twere labour loſt, or elſe I would adviſe,
But thy half *Wit* will ne're let the be wiſe:
Half-witty, and half-mad, and ſcarce half-brave,
Half-honeſt (which is very much a *Knave*)
Made up of all theſe halfs, thou canſt not paſs
For any thing intirely but an *Aſs*.

The Anſwer.

RAil on, poor feeble *Scribler*, ſpeak of me
In as bad Terms as the World ſpeaks of thee.
Sit ſwelling in thy *Hole* like a vext *Toad*,
And full of *Pox* and *Malice* ſpit abroad;
Thou canſt hurt no *Man's Fame* with thy ill word,
Thy Pen is full as harmleſs as thy Sword.

Seneca's Troas, *Act.* 2. Chorus.

AFter Death Nothing is, and Nothing, Death,
The utmoſt Limits of a gaſp of Breath:
Let the Ambitious Zealot lay aſide
His Hopes of *Heav'n* (where Faith is but his Pride)
Let *Slaviſh Souls* lay by their Fear,
Nor be concern'd which way, nor where,
After this Life they ſhall be hurl'd,
Dead, we become the *Lumber* of the *World*,
And to that *Maſs* of *Matter* ſhall be ſwept,
Where things *deſtroy'd* with things *unborn* are kept.
Devouring Time ſwallows us whole,
Impartial *Death* confounds *Body* and *Soul*:
For *Hell*, and the foul *Friend*, that rules
God's everlaſting fiery *Goals*,
Devis'd by *Rogues*, dreaded by *Fools*,
(With his grim griezly *Dog*, that keeps the *Door*,)
Are ſenſleſs *Stories*, idle *Tales*,
Dreams, *Whimſies*, and no more.

Upon Nothing.

I.

NOthing, thou *Elder Brother* even to Shade,
Thou hadſt a Being e're the *World* was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

2.

E're Time & Place were, Time & Place were not,
When *Primitive Nothing* ſomething ſtraight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great United What?

3.

Something the general *Attribute* of all,
Sever'd from thee its ſole *Original*,
Into thy boundleſs ſelf muſt undiſtinguiſh'd fall.

4.

Yet ſomething did thy Mighty Pow's command,
And from thy fruitful Emptineſſes Hand
Snatch *Men*, *Beaſts*, *Birds*, *Fire*, *Air* and *Land*.

5.

Matter, the wicked'ſt off-ſpring of thy Race,
By *Form* aſſiſted, flew from thy Embraces,
And *Rebel Light* obſcur'd thy reverend dusky Face.

6.

With *Form* and *Matter*, *Time* and *Place* did join,
Body, thy Foe, with thee did Leagues combine,
To ſpoil thy peaceful *Realm*, and ruin all thy *Line*.

7.

But Turn-coat *Time* aſſiſts the Foe in vain,
And Brib'd by thee, aſſiſts thy ſhort-liv'd Reign,
And to thy hungry *Womb* drives back thy Slaves (again

8.

Tho' *Myſteries* are barr'd from laick-Eyes,
And the Divine alone with Warrant pries
Into thy *Boſom*, where thy *Truth* in private lies:

9.

Yet this of thee the *Wiſe* may freely ſay,
Thou from the *Virtuous* nothing tak'ſt away,
And to be part of thee, the *Wicked* wiſely pray.

10.

Great *Negative*, how vainly wou'd the Wise
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise,
Didst thou not stand to point their dull *Philosophies.*

11.

Is, or Is not, the two great ends of Fate,
And true or false the Subject of Debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate.

12.

When they have rack'd the Politicians Breast,
Within thy *Bosom* most securely rest,
And when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and (best.

13.

But *Nothing*, why do's Something still permit
That Sacred *Monarchs* shou'd at Council sit
With *Persons* highly thought, at best, for *nothing* fit?

14.

Whilst weighty *Something* modestly abstains
From Princes *Coffers*, and from States-mens *Brains*,
And *Nothing* there like stately *Nothing* reigns.

15.

Nothing, who dwel'st with Fools in grave disguise,
For whom the rev'rend *Shapes* and *Forms* devise,
Lawn-Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they (like thee look Wise.

16.

French Truth, *Dutch* Prowess, *British* Policy,
Hybernian Learning, *Scotch* Civility,
Spaniards Dispatch, *Danes* Wit, are mainly seen in (thee.

17.

The Great *Mans* Gratitude to his beſt *Friend*,
Kings Promiſes, *Whores* Vows, towards thee they bend,
Flow ſwiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

Upon his leaving his Miſtriſs.

'TIS not that I'm weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone,
But with what Face can I incline
To Damn you to be only mine?
You whom ſome *kinder Pow'r* did faſhion,
By Merit, and by Inclination.
The Joy at leaſt of one whole *Nation.*

Let meaner Spirits of your *Sex*
With humbler Aims there Thoughts perplex,
And boaſt if by their Arts they can
Contrive to make one happy *Man*;
Whilſt mov'd with an impartial Senſe,
Favours like Nature you diſpenſe,
With Univerſal Influence.

See the kind receiving Earth
To ev'ry Grain affords a *Birth*;
On her no Show'rs unwelcom fall,
Her willing *Womb* retains them all;
And ſhall my *Celia* be confin'd?
No, live up to thy mighty *Mind*,
And be the Miſtriſs of *Mankind.*

Song.

IN the *Fields* of *Lincoln Inn*,
Underneath a tatter'd *Blanket*,
On a *Flock-Bed*, God be thanked,
Feats of active Love were seen.

Phillis, who you know loves Swiving,
As the *Gods* love pious *Prayers*,
Lay moſt *Penſively* contriving
How to Fuck with *Pricks* by Pairs.

Coridon's Aſpiring *Tarſe*,
Which to *Cunt* had ne're ſubmitted,
Wet with Am'rous Kiſs, ſhe fitted
To her leſs frequented *Arſe*.

Strephon's was a *Handful longer*,
Stiffly propt with eager *Luſt*,
None for *Champion* was more ſtronger,
This into her *Cunt* ſhe thruſt.

Now for Civil Wars prepare,
Rais'd by fierce inteſtine Buſtle.
When theſe *Heroes* meeting Juſtle
In the Bowels of the Fair.

They *Tilt* and *Thruſt* with horrid pudder,
Blood and Slaughter is decreed,
Hurling Souls at one another,
Wrapt in flakey Clots of Seed.

Nature had 'twixt *Cunt* and *Arſe*
Wiſely plac'd firm ſeparation,
God knows elſe what deſolation
Had inſu'd from Warring *Tarſe*.
Though *Fate* a diſmal end did threaten,
It prov'd no worſe than was deſir'd;
The *Nymph* was ſoundly Ballock-beaten,
Both the Shepherds ſoundly tir'd.

Upon his drinking a Bowl.

Vulcan, contrive me ſuch a Cup
As *Neſtor* us'd of old,
Shew all thy Skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with Gold.

Make it ſo large, that fill'd with Sack
Up to the ſwelling Brim,
Vaſt Toaſts on the delicious Lake,
Like Ships at Sea may ſwim.

Engrave not Battle on his Cheek,
With War I've nought to do,
I'm none of thoſe that took *Maſtrich*,
Nor *Yarmouth* Leaguer knew,

Let it no Name of Planets tell,
Fix'd Stars, or Conſtellation?
For I am no Sir *Sydrophel*,
Nor none of his Relation?

But Carve thereon a ſpreading Vine,
Then add two lovely Boys,
Their Limbs in Amorous Folds entwine,
the Type of future Joys.

Cupi

Cupid and *Bacchus* my Saints are,
May Drink and Love ſtill reign,
With Wine I waſh away my Cares,
And then to *Cunt* again.

Song.

AS *Cloris* full of harmleſs thoughts
Beneath a *Willow* lay,
Kind *Love* a youthful *Shepherd* brought
To paſs the time away.

She bluſh't to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the Amorous Swain;
But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

A ſudden Paſſion ſeiz'd her Heart,
In ſpite of her diſdain,
She found a Pulſe in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Ah Youth (ſaid ſhe) what *Charms* are theſe
That Conquer and Surprize?
Ah let me——for unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no power to riſe.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For fear ſhe ſhou'd comply;
Her lovely *Eyes* her *Heart* betray,
And give her *Tongue* the Lie.

Thus ſhe whom *Princes* had deny'd,
With all their *Pomb* and *Train*,
Was in the lucky *Minute* try'd,
And yielded to the *Swain*.

Song.

QUoth the Dutches of *Cl*— to Mrs. *Kn*—
I'd fain have a *Prick*, but how to come by't,
I desire you'll be secret, and give your Advice,
Though *Cunt* be not Coy, Reputation is Nice.

To some Cellar in *Sodom* your Grace must retire,
There *Porters* with Black Pots sit round a *Coal-fire*.
There open your Case, and your Grace cannot fail
Of a Dozen of *Pricks* for a Dozen of *Ale*.

Is't so, quoth the Dutches? *Ay* by God, quoth the (*Whore*;
Then give me the Key that unlocks the Back door,
For I had rather be Fuckt with Porters & Carmen,
Than thus be abus'd by *C*—— and *G*——

Song.

I Rise at Eleven, I Dine about *Two*, (do,
I get Drunk before Seven, and the next thing I
I send for my *Whore*, when for fear of a *Clap*,
I Spend in her Hand, and I Spew in her Lap;
There we Quarrel and Scold till I fall asleep,
When the Bitch growing bold, to my Pocket do's (creep.
Then slily she leaves me, and to revenge the Af- (front,
At once she bereaves me of Money and *Cunt*.

If

If by chance then I wake, hot-headed and drunk,
What a Coil do I make for the loſs of my Punk?
I ſtorm, and I roar, and I fall in a rage,
And miſſing my Whore, I Bugger my Page.
Then Crop-ſick all Morning, I rail at my Men,
And in Bed I lie yawning till Eleven agen.

Song.

LOve a Woman! y'are an Aſs,
'Tis a moſt inſipid Paſſion,
To Chuſe out for happineſs
The idleſt part of God's Creation.
Let the Porter and the Groom,
Things deſign'd for Dirty Slaves,
Drudg in Fair *Aurelia*'s Womb,
To get Supplies for Age and Graves
Farewel Woman, I intend
Henceforth ev'ry Night to ſit
With my Lewd Well-natur'd Friend,
Drinking, to engender Wit.
Then give me Health, Wealth, Mirth, and Wine,
And it buſie Love intrenches,
There's a ſweet ſoft Page of mine,
Do's the Trick worth Forty Wenches.

Song to Cloris.

FAir *Cloris* in a Pig-ſty lay,
Her tender Head lay by her;

She

She ſlept, in murm'ring Gruntlings they
Complaining of the ſcorching Day,
Her ſlumbers thus inſpire.

She dreamt, while ſhe with careful pains
Her ſnowy Arms employ'd,
In Ivory Pails, to fill out Grains,
One of her Love-convicted Swains
Thus haſting to her, cry'd;

Fly *Nymth*! Oh fly! e're 'tis too late,
A dear-lov'd Life to ſave;
Reſcue your Boſom-Pig from Fate,
Who now expires, hung in the Gate
That leads to yonder Cave.

My ſelf had try'd to ſet him free,
Rather than brought the News,
But I am ſo abhorr'd by thee,
That ev'n the Darlings Life from me
I know thou wou'dſt refuſe.

Struck with the News, as quick ſhe flies
As Bluſhes to her Face;
Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,
No love ſhot from her bright Eyes,
Move half ſo ſwift a pace.

This Plot it ſeems the Luſtful Slave
Had laid againſt her Honour,
Which not one God took care to ſave,
For he purſues her to the Cave,
And throws himſelf upon her.

Now pierced is her *Virgin Zone*,
She feels the *Foe* within it,

She hears a broken Am'rous Groan,
The panting Lover's fainting Moan,
Juſt in the happy *Minute*.

Frighted ſhe wakes, and waking Friggs,
Nature thus kindly eas'd;
In Dreams rais'd by her murm'ring *Piggs*,
And her own Thumb between her *Leggs*,
She innocent and pleas'd.

Song.

GIve me leave to raile at you,
I ask nothing but my due;
To call you falſe, and then to ſay,
You ſhall not keep my *Heart* a Day.
But alas! againſt my will,
I muſt be your Captive ſtill:
Ah! be kinder then, for I
Cannot change, and would not Die.

Kindneſs has reſiſtleſs Charms,
All beſides but weakly move,
Fierceſt Anger it diſarms,
And clips the Wings of flying *Love*.
Beauty do's the Heart invade,
Kindneſs only can perſuade;
It gilds the *Lover*'s ſervile Chain,
And makes the Saint grow pleas'd again.

The

The Answer.

NOthing adds to your fond Fire
More than Scorn, and cold Disdain;
I, to cherish your Desire,
Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain.
You insulted on your Slave,
Humble Love you soon refus'd,
Hope not then a Pow'r to have
Which inglorioussly you us'd.

Think not *Thirsis*, I will e're
By my Love my Empire lose;
You grow constant through Despair,
Love return'd you wou'd abuse.
Though you still possess my Heart,
Scorn and Rigour I must feign.
Ah! forgive that only Art
Love has left you Love to gain.

You that cou'd my Heart subdue,
To new Conquests ne're pretend,
Let your Example make me true,
And of a Conquer'd Foe a Friend:
Then if e're I shou'd complain
Of your Empire, or my Chain,
Summon all your pow'rful Charms,
And sell the Rebel in your Arms.

Song.

PHillis, be gentler I adviſe,
Make up for time miſpent,
When *Beauty* on its *Death-bed* lies,
'Tis high time to Repent.

Such is the *Malice* of your *Fate*,
That makes you old ſo ſoon,
Your Pleaſure ever comes to late,
How early e're begun.

Think what a wretched thing is ſhe
Whoſe *Stars* contrive in ſpight,
The *Morning* of her Love ſhou'd be,
Her Fading *Beauties Night*.

Then if to make your Ruin more,
You'll Peeviſhly be Coy,
Dye with the Scandal of a *Whore*,
And never know the Joy.

Song.

WHat Cruel Pains *Corinna* takes,
To force that harmleſs frown,
When not a Charm her *Face* forſakes,
Love cannot loſe his own.

So ſweet a *Face*, ſo ſoft a *Heart*,
Such *Eyes* ſo very kind,

Betrays,

Betrays, alas ! the ſilly Art,
Virtue had ill deſign'd.

Poor feeble *Tyrant*, who in vain
Wou'd proudly take upon her,
Again kind *Nature*, to maintain
Affected Rules of *Honour*.

The ſcorn ſhe bears to helpleſs proves,
When I plead paſſion to her,
That much ſhe fears, but more ſhe loves,
Her *Vaſſal* ſhou'd undo her.

Womans Honour.

LOVE bad me hope, and I obey'd,
Phillis continu'd ſtill unkind ;
Then you may e'ne deſpair he ſaid,
In vain I ſtrive to change her *Mind*.

Honour's got in and keeps her *Heart*,
Durſt he but venture once abroad ;
In my own right I'd take your part,
And ſhew my ſelf the mightier *God*.

This huffing *Honour* domineers,
In *Breaſts* alone, where he has place ;
But if true gen'rous *Love* appears,
The *Hector* dares not ſhew his *Face*.

Let me ſtill languiſh and complain,
Be moſt unhumanly deny'd,
I have ſome pleaſure in my pain,
She can have none with all her *Pride*.

I fall

I fall a Sacrifice to *Love*,
She lives a *Wretch* for *Honours* ſake,
Whoſe *Tyrant* does moſt cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

Conſider real *Honour* then,
You'll find hers cannot be the ſame,
'Tis Noble confidence in *Men*,
In *Women*; mean miſtruſtful ſhame.

Song.

TO this Moment a *Rebel* I throw down my (Arms,
Great *Love*, at firſt ſight of *Olinda's* bright charms,
Made proud, and ſecure, by ſuch forces as theſe,
You may now play the *Tyrant* as ſoon as you (pleaſe.

When Innocent *Beauty*, and *Wit* do conſpire,
To betray, and engage, and inflame my deſire.
Why ſhou'd I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleaſing hope, by baſe fear be deſtroy'd?

Her Innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her *Beauty*'s inclin'd, or why ſhou'd it purſue me?
And *Wit* has to pleaſure been ever a *Friend*,
Then what room for deſpair, ſince delight is (*Loves* end?

There can be no danger in ſweetneſs and youth,
Where *Love* is ſecur'd by good nature and truth.
On her *Beauty* I'll gaze, and of pleaſure complain,
While ev'ry kind look adds a *Link* to my *Chain*.

'Tis

'Tis to more maintain, than it was to surprize,
But her *Wit* leads in triumph the *Slaves* of her Eyes;
I beheld with the loss of my freedom before,
But hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

Too bright is my *Goddess*, her *Temple* too weak,
Retire Divine *Image*, I feel my *Heart* break;
Help *Love*! I dissolve in a *Rapture* of *Charms*,
At the thought of those Joys I should meet in her
(Arms.

Song.

HOW happy *Cloris* (were they free)
Might our Injoyments prove?
But you with formal *Jealosie*,
Are still tormenting *Love*.

Let us (since *Wit* instructs us how)
Raise Pleasure to the top,
If *Rival Bottle* you'll allow,
I'll suffer *Rival Fop*.

There's not a brisk insipid *Spark*
That flutters in the *Town*,
But with your wanton *Eyes* you mark
The *Coxcomb* for your own.

You never think it worth your care,
How empty, nor how dull,
The *Heads* of your Admirers are,
So that their *Cods* be full.

All

All this you freely may confeſs,
Yet w'll not diſagree;
For did you love your Pleaſure leſs,
You were not fit for me.
While I my Paſſion to purſue,
Am whole *Nights* taking in,
The luſty *Juice* of *Grapes*, take you
The luſty *Juice* of *Men*.

Love *and* Life, *a Song*.

ALL my paſt life is mine no more,
The flying Hours are gone;
Like tranſitory *Dreams* giv'n o're,
Whoſe *Images* are kept in ſtore,
By *Memory* alone.

What ever is to come is not,
How can it then be mine?
The preſent *Moment*'s all my *Lot*,
And that as faſt as it is got,
Phillis is wholly thine.

Then talk not of Inconſtancy,
Falſe *Hearts*, and broken *Vows*,
If I by *Miracle* can be.
This live-long *Minute* true to thee,
'Tis all that *Heav'n* allows.

The Fall, *a Song*.

HOW Bleſt was the Created *State*
Of *Man* and *Woman*, e're they fell,

Compar'd to our unhappy *Fate*;
We need not fear another *Hell*.

Naked beneath cool Shades they lay,
Enjoyment waited on desire,
Each *Member* did their Wills obey,
Nor cou'd a wish set pleasure higher.
But we poor *Slaves*, to hope and fear,
Are never of our Joys secure;
They lessen still as they draw near,
And none but dull delights endure.

Then *Cloris*, while I duty pay,
The *Nobler Tribute* of my *Heart*,
Be not you so severe to say
You love me for a frailer part.

Song.

WHile on those lovely Looks I gaze,
To see a *Wretch* pursuing,
In *Raptures* of a Blest Amaze,
This pleasing happy Ruin.
'Tis not for pitty that I move,
His Fate is too Aspiring,
Whose *Heart*, broak with a *Load* of Love,
Dyes, Wishing and Admiring.

But if this *Murder* you'd forego,
Your *Slave* from Death removing,
Let me your Art of Charming know,
Or learn you mine of Loving.

But whether Life or Death betide,
In Love, 'tis equal measure,
The *Victor* lives with empty pride,
The *Vanquisht* Dye with pleasure.

Song.

BY all *Loves* soft, yet mighty *Pow'rs.*
It is a thing unfit,
That *Men* shou'd Fuck in time of *Flow'rs,*
Or when the *Smock*'s beshit.

Fair Nasty *Nymph*, be Clean and Kind,
And all my Joys restore;
By using Paper still behind,
And Spunges for before.

My spotless *Flames* can ne're decay,
If after ev'ry Close,
My smoaking *Prick* escape the *Fray*,
Without a Bloody *Nose*.

If thou wou'dst have me true be kind,
And take to Cleanly Sinning;
None but fresh *Lovers Pricks* can rise
At *Phillis* in Foul Linnen.

Song.

ROom, room, for a *Blade* of the *Town*,
That takes delight in Roaring,
And Daily Rambles up and down,
And at *Night* in the Street lies Snoaring;

That for the Noble Name of *Spark*,
Dares his *Companions* Rally;
Commits an Out-rage in the Dark,
Then ſlinks into an *Alley*.
To every *Female* that he meets,
He Swears he bares Affection,
Defies all *Laws*, *Arreſts*, and Fears,
By the help of a kind *Protection*.
Then he intending further Wrongs,
By ſome reſenting *Cully*,
Is decently run through the *Lungs*,
And there's an end of *Bully*.

Song.

AGainſt the Charms our *Ballocks* have,
How weak all Humane Skill is?
Since they can make a *Man* a *Slave*
To ſuch a *Bitch* as *Phillis*.

Whom that I may deſcribe throughout,
Aſſiſt me *Bawdy Pow'rs*,
I'll write upon a double *Clout*,
And dip my *Pen* in *Flow'rs*.

Her Look's demurely Impudent,
Ungainly *Beautiful*,
Her *Modeſty* is Inſolent,
Her Mirth is pert and dull.

A *Proſtitute* of all the *Town*,
And yet with no *Man Friends*,
She Rails, and Scolds, when ſhe lies down,
And Curſes when ſhe Spends.

Bawdy in Thoughts, Precise in Words,
Ill Natur'd, and a *Whore*,
Her *Belly* is a *Bag* of *T—rds*,
And her *C—t*'s a Common-shoar.

Song.

I Cannot change as others do,
Though you unjusty scorn,
Since that poor *Swain*, that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No *Phillis*, no, your *Heart* to move,
A surer way I'll try,
And to revenge my slighted Love,
Will still Love on, will still Love on, and Die.

When Kill'd with Grief *Amyntas* lies,
And you to mind shall call,
The Sighs that now unpity'd rise,
The Tears that vainly fall;
That welcome Hour that ends this smart,
Will then begin your pain,
For such a faithful tender *Heart*
Can never break, can never break in vain.

The Mock Song.

I Swive as well as others do,
I'm Young not yet Deform'd,
My tender Heart sincere and true,
Deserves not to be Scorn'd.

Why *Phillis* then, why will you Swive
With *Forty Lovere* more?
Can I (ſaid ſhe) with *Nature* ſtrive,
Alas I am, alas I am a *Whore*.
Were all my Body Larded o're,
With Darts of Love ſo Thick,
That you might find in ev'ry *Pore*;
A well ſtuck ſtanding *Prick*:
Whilſt yet mine *Eyes* alone were free,
My *Heart* wou'd never doubt,
In Am'rous Rage and Extaſie,
To wiſh thoſe *Eyes*, to wiſh thoſe *Eyes* fuckt out.

Actus Primus, Sncne Prima.

Enter Tarſander and Swiveanthe.

The Scene.

A Bed-Chamber.

Tar. FOR ſtanding *Tarſes* we kind Nature thank.
And yet Adore thoſe *Cunts* that make ('em lank;
Unhappy *Mortals*! whoſe ſublimeſt Joy,
Preys on it ſelf, and does it ſelf deſtroy.

Swi. Do not thy *Tarſe*, *Natures* beſt gift, deſpiſe,
That *C—t* that made it fall, will make it riſe;
Though it a while the Amorous Combat ſhun,
And ſeems from mine, into thy *Belly* run;
Yet 'twill return, more vigorous, and more fierce
Than flaming *Drunkard*, when he's dy'd in Tierce,

It but retires, as looſing *Gamſters* do,
Till they have rais'd a Stock to play a new.
Tar. What pleaſure has a *Gameſter*, if he knows,
When e're he plays, that he muſt always loſe?
Swi. What *Pego* loſes, 'twere a pain to keep,
We ſay not that our Nights are loſt in ſleep;
What Pleaſures we in thoſe ſoft Wars employ,
We do not waſt, but to the full enjoy. (*Ex. Tar.*

Enter Celia.

Cel Madam, methinks thoſe ſleepy Eyes declare,
Too lately you have eas'd a *Lovers* Care;
I fear you have with Intereſt repaid,
Thoſe eager thurſts, which at your *Cunt* he made.
Swi. With force united, my ſoft *Heart* he ſtorm'd,
Like Age he doated, but like Youth perform'd.
She that alone her *Lover* can withſtand,
Is more than *Woman*, or he leſs than *Man*. (*Ex.*

The firſt Letter from B. *to Mr.* E.

DReaming laſt Night on Mrs. *Farley*,
My *Prick* was up this Morning early;
And I was fain, without my Gown,
To riſe i'th Cold, to get him down:
Hard ſhift, alas! but yet a ſure,
Although it be no pleaſing Cure.
Of Old, the Fair *Ægyptian* Slattern,
For Luxury, that had no Pattern;
To Fortifie her *Roman* Swinger,
Inſtead of *Nutmegs*, *Mace* and *Ginger*,

Did Spice his Bow'ls (as Story tells)
With Warts of Rocks, and Spawn of Shells.
It had been happy for her Grace,
Had I been in the Raſcal's place:
I who do ſcorn that any Stone,
Shou'd raiſe my *Pintle*, but my own;
Had laid her down on ev'ry *Couch*,
And ſpar'd her *Pearl* and *Diamond Brouch*,
Until her Hot-tail'd *Majeſty*,
Being happily reclaim'd by me,
From all her wild expenſive ways,
Had worn her *Gems* on *Holy-Days*:
But ſince her C—*t* has long done itching,
Let us diſcourſe of *Modern Bitching*.
I muſt intreat you by this Letter,
To enquire for *Whores*, the more the better:
Hunger makes any Man a *Glutton*,
If *Roberts*, *Thomas*, Mrs. *Dutton*.
Or any other *Bawd* of Note,
Inform of a freſh *Petticoat*;
Inquire I pray, with *Friendly* care,
Where there reſpective *Lodgings* are.
Some do compare a Man t'a *Bark*,
A pretty *Metaphor*, pray mark,
And with a long and tedious ſtory,
Will all the *Tackling* lay before ye:
The *Sails* are Hope, the *Maſts* Deſire,
Till they the gentleſt *Reader* Tire.
But howſoe're they keep a pudder,
I'm ſure the *Pintle is* the *Rudder*.
The pow'rful *Rudder*, which of force,
To *Town*, muſt ſhortly ſteer my Courſe;

And

And if you do not there provide
A *Port*, where I may ſafely ride:
Landiug in haſte, in ſome foul *Creek*,
'Tis Ten to One, I ſpring a *Leak*.
Next, I muſt make it my requeſt
If you have any intereſt,
Or can by any means diſcover,
Some lamentable Rhyming *Lover*,
Who ſhall in Numbers Harſh and Vile,
His *Miſtriſs*, *Nymph* or *Goddeſs* ſtile,
Send all his Labours down to me,
By the firſt oppertunity.
Or any *Knights* of your round *Table*,
To other *Scriblers* formidable,
Guilty themſelves of the ſame *Crime*,
Dreſs *Nonſenſe* up in ragged *Rhyme*,
As once a *Week*, they ſeldom fail,
Inſpir'd with *Love* and *Grid-Iron Ale*.
Or any paultery *Poetry*,
Tho' from the *Univerſity*;
Who when the *K*—— and *Q*—— were there,
Did both their *Wit* and *Learning* ſpare;
And have (I hope) endeavour'd ſince,
To make the *World* ſome recompence.
Such damn'd *Fuſtian* when you meet,
Be not too raſh, or indiſcreet;
Tho' they can find no juſt Excuſes,
To put 'em to their proper Uſes;
Tho' fatal *Privy*, or the *Fire*,
Their Nobler *Foe*, at my deſire,
Reſtrain your nat'ral Profuſeneſs,
And ſpare 'em, though you have a Looſeneſs

Mr.

Mr. E--s *Answer.*

AS Crafty *Harlots* use to shrink
From *Letchers*, do's with Sleep and Drink,
When they intend to make up *Pack*,
By filching *Sheets*, or *Shirt* from *Back*;
So were you pleas'd to steal away
From me, whilst on your *Bed* I lay:
But long you had not been departed,
When pincht with Cold, from thence I started;
Where missing you, I stampt and star'd,
Like *Bacon*, when he wak'd and heard
His *Brazen Head* in vain had spoke,
And saw it lie in pieces broke;
Sighing, I to my Chamber make,
And every Limb was stiff as Stake,
Unless poor *Pego*, which did feel,
Like slimey Skin of new stript *Eel*;
Or *Pudding*, that mischance had got,
And spent it self half in the *Pot*.
With care I cleans'd the sneaking *Harlot*,
That late had been in *Pool* of *Harlot*.
But neither *Shirt* nor *Water* cou'd
Remove the stench of *Leach'rous Mud*.
The *Queen* of *Love* from *Sea* did spring,
Whence the best *C—ts* still smell like *Ling*.
But sure this Damn'd Notorious *Bitch*,
Was made o'th' froth of *Jane Shores Ditch*;
Or else her *C—t* cou'd never stink
Like Pumb that's foul, or Nasty Sink.

When

When this was done to Bed I went,
nd the whole day in ſleep I ſpent;
ut the next *Morning* freſh and gay
s Citizen on Holiday,
wandred in the ſpacious *Town*,
mongſt the *Bawds* of beſt Renown:
o *Temple* I a *Viſit* made,
mple! the Beauty of her *Trade*!
he only *Bawd* that ever I,
or want of *Whore*, cou'd Occupy.
he made me friends with Mrs. *Cuffey*,
Whom we indeed had us'd too roughly,
or by a gentler way I found.
he *Whore* wou'd Fuck under *Ten Pound*:
o reſty Jades, which ſcorne to ſtir,
ho' oft provok'd by *Whip* and *Spur*,
y milder uſage may be got
o fall into their wonted *Trot*.
But what Succeſs I further had,
nd what diſcoveries, good and bad,
made by roving up and down,
'll tell you when you come to *Town*.
Further, I have obey'd your Motion.
ho' much provok'd by Pill and Potion,
And ſent you down ſome paultry *Rhimes*,
he greateſt Grievance of our *Times*;
When ſuch as Nature never made
For Poets, daily will invade
ll its Empire, both the *Stage* and *Preſs*,
And, which is worſe, with good *Succeſs*.

The ſecond Letter from B. *to* Mr. E.

IF I can gueſs the Devil choak me,
What horrid Fury cou'd provoke thee
To uſe thy railing ſcurrilous Wit
'Gainſt *Cunt* and *Prick* the Source of it:
For what but *Cunt* and *Prick* do's raiſe
Our Thoughts to Songs and Roundelays?
Enables us to *Anagrams*,
And other Amorous Flim-flams?
Then we write *Plays*, and ſo proceed
To *Bays*, the Poets ſacred Weed.
Haſt no Reſpect for God *Priapus*?
That antient *Story* ſhall not ſcape us.
Priapus was a *Roman God*,
But in plain *Engliſh*, *Prick* and *Cod*.
That pleas'd their Siſters, Wives and Daughters,
Guarded their Pippins and Pomwaters;
For at the Orchars utmoſt *Entry*
This mighty *Deity* ſtood *Centry*,
Inveſted in a tatter'd *Blanket*,
To ſcare the *Magpies* from their Banquet:
But this may ſerve to ſhew we trample
On Rule and Method by example
Of Modern *Authors*, who to ſnap at all,
Will talk of *Cæſar* in the Capitol,
Of *Cinthia*'s Beams, and *Sol*'s bright *Ray*,
Known Foe to Buttermilk and *Whey*,
Which ſoftens *Wax*, but hardens *Clay*.

All this without the leaſt Connexion,
Which to ſay truth's enough to vex one;
But farewel all Poetick Dizzineſs,
And now to come unto the buſineſs.
Tell the bright *Nymph* how ſad and penſively,
E're ſince we us'd her ſo offenſively,
In diſmal Shades, with Arms a croſs,
I ſit, lamenting of my *Loſs*;
To *Eccho* I her name commend,
Who has it now at her Tongues end,
And Parrot-like repeats the ſame;
For ſhou'd you talk of *Tamberlain*,
Cuffley ſhe cries at the ſame time,
Though the laſt Accents do not Rhime:
Far more than *Eccho* e're did yet
For *Phillis* or bright *Amoret*.
When Pen-knife keen of moderate ſize,
As bright and piercing as her Eyes,
A glitt'ring weapon, which wou'd ſcorn
To pair a Nail, or cut a Corn,
Upon the Trees of ſmootheſt Bark
I Carve her Name or elſe her Mark,
Which commonly's a bleeding Heart,
A weeping Eye or flaming Dart,
Here on a *Beech*, like *Am'rous* Sot,
I ſometimes carve a True-loves Knot,
There a tall Oak her *Name* do's bear,
In a large ſpreading Character.
I choſe the faireſt and the beſt
Of all the *Grove*; among the reſt,
I Carv'd it on a luſty Pine,
Which wept a Pint of Turpentine;

Such

Such was the terror of her *Name*,
By the Report of evil *Fame*,
Who tired with immoderate flight,
Had lodg'd upon his *Boughs all Night*.
The weary *Tree*, who fear'd a Clap,
And new the Virtue of his *Sap*,
Dropt Balsom into ev'ry Wound,
And in an Hours time was Sound.
But you are unacquainted yet
With half the pow'r of *Amoret*;
For she can Drink as well as *Swive*,
Her growing Empire still must thrive.
Our Hearts, weak Forts, we must resign,
When Beauty does it's forces join
With Man's strong Enemy, good Wine;
This I was told by my Lord *O B*——
A Man whose *VVord* I much relie on;
He kept touch, and came down hither,
VVhen thou wert scar'd with the foul *VVeather*:
But if thou wou'dst forgiven be,
Say that a *Cunt* detained thee;
Cunt, whose strong *Charmes the VVorld bewitches*,
The Joy of Kings! the *Beggars* Riches!
The *Courtiers Business*! *States-mans Leisure*!
The tired *Tinkers* Ease and Pleasure!
Of which, alas! I've leave to prate;
But oh, the rigor of my Fate!
For want of bouncing *Bona-Roba*,
Lascivia est nobis pagina vita proba.
For that Rhime I was fain to fumble;
When *Pegasus* begins to stumble,
'Tis time to rest, your very humble.

M

Mr. E---s *Anſwer.*

SO ſoft and Am'rouſly you Write
Of *Cunt* and *Prick* the *Cunts* Delight,
That were I ſtill in *Lanthorn* Sweating,
Swallowing of *Bolus*, or a Spitting,
I ſhou'd forget eack Injury
The Pocky Whores have offer'd me,
And only of my Fate complain,
Becauſe I muſt from *Cunt* abſtain;
The powerful *Cunt*! whoſe very *Name*
Kindles in me an Amorous Flame!
Begins to make my Pintle riſe,
And long again to fight Loves Prize,
Forgetful of thoſe many Scars
He has received in thoſe Wars.
This ſhews Loves chiefeſt Magick lies
In Womens *Cunts*, not in their Eyes,
There *Cupid* does his Revels keep,
There Lovers all their Sorrows ſteep;
For having once but taſted that,
Our Miſeries are quite forgot.
This may ſuffice to let you know
That I to *Cunt* am not a Foe.
Though you are pleas'd to think me ſo:
'Tis ſtrange his Zeal ſhou'd be in *Suſpicion*
Who dies a Martyr for's Religion.
But now to give you an Account
Of *Cuffley*, that whore Paramount!

Cuffley!

Cuffley ! whoſe Beauty warms the *Age*.
And fill our Youth with Love and Rage ;
Who, like fierce Wolves, purſue the Game,
While ſecretly the Letch'rous Dame
With ſome Choice Gallant takes her flight,
And in a Corner Fucks all Night.
Then the next Morning we all Hunt,
To find whoſe Fingers Smell of *Cunt*,
With Jealouſie and Envy mov'd
Againſt the Man that was belov'd.
Whilſt you within ſome neighb'ring Grove
Indite the Story of your Love,
And with your Penknife keen and bright
On ſtately Trees your Paſſion write,
So that each *Nymph* that paſſes through,
Muſt envy her, and pity you ;
We at the *Fleece* or at the *Bear*,
With good Caſe-Knife well whet on Stair,
A gentle *VVeapon*, made to feed
Mankind, and not to make 'em bleed,
A thouſand *Am'rous* Fancies ſcrape ;
There's not a Pewter-Diſh can ſcape
Without her *Name*, or *Arms*, which are
The ſame that *Love* himſelf do's bear.
Here one, to ſhew you *Lov*'s no *Glutton*,
I th' midſt of Supper leaves his Mutton,
And on a greaſie Plate, with Care,
Carves the bright Image of the Fair.
Another, though a drunken Sot,
Neglects his Wine, and on the Pot
A Band of Naked *Cupids* draws,
With Prieks no bigger than wheat ſtraws.

Then

Then on a Nasty Candlestick
One Figures *Love's Hieroglyphick*,
A Couchant Cunt and *Rampant Prick.*
And that the sight may more inflame
The Lookers on, subscribes her Name,
Cuffley ! her Sexes Pride and Shame,
There's not a Man but do's discover
By some such *Actions* he's a Lover;
But now 'tis time to give her over,
And let your Lordship know you are
The Mistress that employs our Care:
Your absence makes us melancholly,
Nor Drink nor Cunt can make us Jolly,
Unless w'ave you within our Arms,
In whom there dwells Diviner Charmes,
Then quit with speed the pensive Grove,
And here in Town pursue your Love;
Where, at your coming you shall find
Your Servant glad, your Mistress kind,
And all the things devoted to your Mind;

With your very

Humble Servant.

On Mr. E—— H—— *upon his* B—— P——

COme on ye Criticks, find one fault who dare,
For read it backward, like a *Witches* Pray'r,
'Till do as well; throw not away your Jests
On solid *Nonsence*, that abides all *Tests.*
Wit, like *Tierce-Clarret*, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no use at all;

But in its full perfection of decay,
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in play.
This *Simile* shall stand in thy defence,
'Gainst such *dull Rogues* as now and then write *Sense*.
He lies, dear *Ned*, who says thy brain is barren,
Where deep *Conceits*, like *Vermin*, bred in *Carren*,
Thou hast a *Brain*, such as thou hast indeed,
On what else should thy worm of Fancy feed?
Yet in a Philbert I have often known
Maggots survive, when all the Kernel's gone.
Thy Style's the same, whatever be the *Theme*,
As some Digestions turns all Meat to Plegm.
Thy stumbling founder'd Jade can trot as high
As any other *Pegasus* can fly.
As skilful Divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those that cannot Swim at all;
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
Thou hast a strange Alacrity in sinking,
Thou writ'st below even thy own nat'ral Parts,
And with acqir'd Dulness and new *Arts*
Of studied *Nonsence*, tak'st kind Readers Hearts.
So the *dull* Eel moves nimbler in the Mud,
Than all the swift finn'd Racers of the Flood.
Therefore dear *Ned*, at my Advice forbear
Such loud *Complaints* 'gainst Criticks to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an arrant *Libeller*:
Thou sett'st thy *Name* to what thy self dost write,
Did ever *Libel* yet so sharply bite?

On the same Author, upon his B——P——

AS when a *Bully* draws his Sword
Though no Man gives him a cross word,

And

And all Perſwaſions are in vain,
To make him put it up again ;
Each Man draws too, and *falls* upon him,
To take the wicked *Weapon* from him:
Ev'n ſo, dear *Ned*, thy *deſprate* Pen
No *leſs* diſturbs all witty Men,
And makes 'em wonder what a Devil
Provokes thee to be ſo Uncivil ;
When thou and all thy Friends muſt know 'em,
Thou yet wilt dare to Print thy Poem.
That poor Curs Fate and thine are one,
Who has his *Tail* pegg'd in a Bone;
About he runs, no body 'ill one him,
Men, Boys and Dogs are all upon him.
And firſt the greater Wits were at thee ;
Now ev'ry little Fool will pat thee;
Fellows that ne're were heard or read of
(If thou writ'ſt on) will write thy Head off.
Thus Maſtives only have the knack
To caſt the *Bare* upon his back;
But when th' unwieldy *Beaſt* is thrown,
Mungrils will ſerve to keep him down.

On the ſame Author, upon his New Ut—

THou damn'd *Antipodes* to Common *Senſe*,
Thou *Foil* of *Fluence*! prithee tell from whence
Do's all this mighty Rock of *Dulneſs Spring*,
Which in ſuch loads thou to the Stage doſt bring?
It's all thine own? or haſt thou from *Snow-hill*
Th' aſſurance of ſome Ballard-making *Qill*?

No, they fly higher yet; thy *Plays* are such
I'd swear they were translated out of *Dutch*:
And who the Devil was e're yet so drunk,
To read the Volumes of *Myn Heer Van Dunk*?
Fain wou'd I know what Diet thou dost keep,
If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?
Sure Hasty-pudding is thy chiefest Dish,
With Lights and Liyers, and with stinking Fish.
Ox-cheek, tripe, garbage, thou dost treat thy Brain,
Which nobly pays this *Tribute back* again.
With Dazy-roots, the Dwarfish Muse is fed,
A Giants Body, with a Pigmies Head.
Canst thou not find 'mongst all thy num'rous Race
One Friend so kind, to tell thee that thy Play's
Laught at by Box, Pit, Gallery, nay Stage,
And grown the nauseous Grievance of this *Age*?
Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
Thy Body made for Labour, not thy Mind,
No other use of Paper thou shou'dst make,
But carrying Loads of Rhimes upon thy Back;
Carry vast Burthens, till thy shouldiers shrink,
But Curst be he that gives thee Pen and Ink;
Those dang'rous weapons shou'd be kept from Fools
As Nurses from their Children keep Edg-tools.
For thy dull *Muse* a Muckender were fit,
To wipe the Slav'rings of her Infant-wit;
Which, tho 'tis late (if Justice cou'd be found)
Shou'd like blind new-born *Puppies*, yet be drown'd
For were it not Respect we must afford
To any *Muse* that's Grand-child to a *Lord*,
Thine in the Ducking-stool shou'd take her Seat,
Drencht like her self in a great Chair of State,

Where

Where like a *Muſe* of *Quality* ſhe'l Die,
And thou thy ſelf ſhalt make her *Elegy*;
In the ſame ſtrain thou writ'ſt thy *Cowedy*.

The Diſappointment.

1.

ONE Day the *Amarous Liſander*,
By an impatient Paſſion ſway'd,
Surpris'd fair *Cloris*, that lov'd Maid,
Who cou'd defend her ſelf no longer;
All things did with his Love conſpire,
The gilded Planet of the Day,
In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,
War now deſcending to the Sea,
And left no Light to guide the *World*,
But what from *Cloris* brighter Eyes was hurl'd.

2.

In alone *Thicket*, made for Love,
Silent as yielding Maids Conſent,
She with a charming Languiſhment
Permits his force, yet gently ſtrove?
Her Hands his *Boſom* ſoftly meet,
But not to put him back deſign'd,
Rather to draw him on inclin'd,
Whilſt he lay trembling at her feet;
Reſiſtance 'tis to late to ſhew,
She wants the power to ſay— *Ah*! what do you do?

3.

Her bright Eyes ſweat, and yet Severe,
Where Love and Shame confus'dly ſtrive,

Freſh Vigor to *Liſander* give:
And whiſpring ſoftly in his Ear,
She Cry'd—*Ceaſe—ceaſe——your vain deſire,*
Or I'll call out——What wou'd you do?
My dearer Honour, ev'n to yot,
I cannot——muſt not give——retire,
Or take that Life whoſe chiefeſt part
I gave you with the Conqueſt of my Heart.

4.

But he as much unus'd to fear,
As he was capable of Love,
The bleſſed Minutes to improve,
Kiſſes her Lips, her Neck, her Hair!
Each touch her new Deſires alarms!
His burning trembling *Hand* he preſt
Upon her melting Snowy Breaſt,
While ſhe lay panting in his Arms!
All her unguarded Beauties lie
The *Spoils* and *Trophies* of the Enemy.

5.

And now, without Reſpect or Fear,
He ſeeks the Objects of his Vows;
His Love no Modeſty allows:
By ſwift degrees advancing where
His daring *Hand* that Alter ſeiz'd,
Where Gods of Love do Sacrifice;
That awful *Throne*, that Paradiſe,
Where Rage is tam'd, and *Anger* pleas'd;
That Living *Fountain*, from whoſe *Trills*
The melted Soul in liquid Drops diſtils.

6.

Her balmy Lips encountring his,
Their *Bodies* as their Souls they joyn'd,
Where both in *Tranſports* were confin'd,
Extend themſelves upon the *Moſs*.
Cloris half dead and breathleſs lay,
Her Eyes appear'd like humid *Light*,
Such as divides the *Day* and *Night*,
Or falling Stars whoſe fires decay ;
And now no ſigns of Life ſhe ſhows,
But what in ſhort-breath-ſighs returns and goes.

7.

He ſaw how at her length ſhe lay,
He ſaw her riſing *Boſom* bare,
Her *looſe thin Robes*, through which appear
A Shape deſign'd for *Love* and *Play* ;
Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame,
She do's her ſofteſt Sweets *diſpence*,
Offring her Virgin-Innocence
A *Victim* to Loves Sacred Flame ;
Whilſt th' or'e raviſh'd Shepherd lies,
Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

8.

Ready to taſte a *Thouſand* Joys,
Thee too tranſported hapleſs Swain,
Found the vaſt *Pleaſure* turn'd to Pain :
Pleaſure, which too much Love deſtroys !
The willing Garment by he laid,
And Heav'n all open to his view ;
Mad to poſſeſs, himſelf he threw
On the defenceleſs lovely Maid.

But oh! what envious Gods conſpire
To ſnatch his Pow'r, yet leave him the Deſire!

9.

Natures ſupport, without whoſe *Aid*
She can no humane Being give,
It ſelf now wants the *Art* to live,
Faintneſs it ſlacken'd *Nerves* invade:
In vain th' enraged Youth aſſaid
To call his fleeting Vigour back,
No Motion 'twill from Motion take,
Exceſs of Love is Love betray'd;
In vain he Toils, in vain Commands,
Th' Inſenſible fell weeping in his Hands.

10.

In this ſo *Am'rous* cruel ſtrife,
Where Love and Fate were too ſevere,
The poor *Liſander* in *Deſpair*,
Renounc'd his *Reaſon* with his Life.
Now all the Brisk and Active *Fire*
That ſhould the Nobler *Part* inflame,
Unactive Frigid, Dull became,
And left no *Spark* for new Deſire;
Not all her Naked Charms cou'd move,
Or calm that Rage that had debauch'd his Love.

11.

Cloris returning from the *Trance*
Which Love and *ſoft* Deſire had bred,
Her tim'rous *Hand* ſhe gently laid,
Or guided by Deſign or Chance,
Upon that Fabulous *Priapus*,
That Potent God (as Poets feign.)
But never did young Shepherdeſs
(Garth'ring of *Fern* upon the Plain) More

More nimbly draw her Fingers back,
Finding beneath the *Verdant Leaves* a Snake.

12.

Then *Cloris* her fair *Hand* withdrew,
Finding that God of her Desires
Disarm'd of all his pow'rful Fires,
And cold as *Flow'rs bath'd* in the *Morning-dew*.
Who can the *Nymphs* Confusion guels?
The Blood forsook the kinder place,
And strew'd with *Blushes* all her Face,
Which both Disdain and Shame express;
And from *Lisanders* Arms she fled,
Leaving him fainting on the gloomy *Bed*.

13.

Like *Lightning* through the *Grove* she hies,
Or *Daphne* from the *Delphick* God;
No Print upon the Grassie Road
She leaves, t' instruct pursuing Eyes.
The Wind that wanton'd in her *Hair*,
And with her ruffled Garments plaid,
Discover'd in the flying Maid
All that the Gods e're made of *Fair*.
So *Venus*, when her Love was Slain,
With *fear* and *haste* flew o're the fatal Plain.

14.

The *Nymphs* resentments, none but I
Can well imagin, and Condole;
But none can guels *Lisander*'s Soul,
But those who sway'd his *Destiny*:
His silent Griefs, swell up to *Storms*,
And not one God, his Fury spares,
He Curst his *Birth*, his *Fate*, his *Stars*,

But more the *Shepherdesses* Charms;
Whose sof bewitching influence,
Had Damn'd him to the *Hell* of *Impotence.*

On a Giniper-Tree, *now Cut down to make Busks.*

WHilst happy I triumphant stood,
The Pride and Glory of the *Wood,*
My *Aromatick Boughs* and *Fruit,*
Did with all other *Trees* dispute;
Had right by *Nature* to excel,
In pleasing both the Taste and Smell.
But to the touch, I must confess,
Bore an unwilling sullenness:
My *Wealth,* like Bashful *Virgins,* I,
Yielding with some reluctancy;
For which my value shou'd be more,
Not giving easily my store.
My *Verdant Branches,* all the Year,
Did an Eternal Beauty wear,
Did ever Yong and Gay appear;
Nor needed any Tribute pay,
For Bounties from the God of Day.
Nor do I hold Supremacy,
In all the Wood, o're every *Tree,*
But ev'n those too of my own Race,
That grew not in this happy place;
But that in which I glory most.
And do my self with reason boast;
Beneath my shade the other *Day,*
Young *Philocles,* and *Cloris,* lay.

Upon my Root, he plac'd her Head,
And where I grew, he made her Bed;
Their trembling Limbs did gently preſs,
The kind ſupporting yielding Moſs;
Ne're half ſo bleſt as now to bear
A *Swain* ſo Young, a *Nymph* ſo Fair.
My grateful *Shade*! kindly lent,
And ev'ry aiding *Bough* I bent
So low, as ſometimes had the Bliſs,
To rob the Shepherd of a Kiſs.
Whilſt he in Pleaſures far above
The ſenſe of that degree of Love!
Permitted ev'ry ſtealth I made,
Unjealous of his Rival ſhade.
I ſaw 'em kindle to deſire!
Whilſt with ſoft Sighs, they blew the *Fire*!
Saw the approaches of their Joy,
He growing more fierce, and ſhe leſs Coy!
Saw how they mingled melting *Rays*!
Exchanging Love a Thouſand ways!
Kind was the force on ev'ry ſide:
Her new Deſires ſhe cou'd not hid,
Nor wou'd the *Shepherd* be deny'd!
Impatient, he waits no Conſent,
But what ſhe gave by Languiſhment.
The Bleſſed Minute he purſu'd,
Whilſt Love her Fear and Shame ſubdu'd;
And now tranſported in his Arms,
Yields to the Conqueror all her Charms!
His panting Breaſt to hers new join'd,
They feaſt on Raptures, unconfin'd!

Vaſt and Luxuriant, ſuch as prove
The Immortality of Love!
For who but a Divinity,
Cou'd mingle Souls to that degree,
And melt 'em into Extaſie!
Where, like the *Phœnix*, both expire,
Whilſt from the *Aſhes* of their Fire
Sprung up a *New*, and ſoft deſire:
Like *Charmers*, Thrice they did invoke
The *God*, and Thrice new Vigour took;
And had the *Nymph* been halt ſo kind,
As was the *Shepherd* well inclin'd;
The Myſt'ry had not ended there;
But *Cloris* reaſſum'd her Fear,
And Chid the *Swain*, for having preſt,
What ſhe (alas) cou'd not reſiſt:
Whilſt he, in whom *Loves* ſacred flame
Before, and after was the ſame,
Humbly implores ſhe wou'd forget
That fault, which he wou'd yet repeat;
From active Joys, which ſhame they haſt,
To a Reflection on the paſt;
A Thouſand Times the *Covert* bleſs,
That did ſecure their Happineſs;
Their Gratitude to ev'ry *Tree*
They pay, but moſt to happy me!
The *Shepherdeſs* my *Bark* Carreſt,
Whilſt he my *Root* (*Loves Pillow*) Kiſt,
And did with Sighs thier *Fate* deplore,
Since I muſt ſhelter 'em no more.
And if before, my Joys were ſuch,
In having ſeen, and heard ſo much;

My Griefs muſt be as great and high,
When all abandon'd I muſt lie,
Doom'd to a ſilent Deſtiny :
No more the Am'rous Strife to hear,
The *Shepherds* Vows, the *Virgins* fear ;
No more a joyful looker on,
Whilſt *Loves* ſoft *Battel's* loſt and won.
With Grief I bow'd my murm'ring *Head*,
And all my *Chriſtal Dew* I ſhed,
Which did in *Cloris* pity move;
Cloris whoſe *Soul* is made of Love.
She ent me down, and did tranſlate
My Being to a happier State ?
No *Martyr* for *Religion* Dy'd,
With haſt that unconſidering Pride ;
My Top was on the *Altar* laid,
Where *Love* his ſofteſt Off'rings paid,
And was a fragrant *Incence* burn'd ;
My *Body*, into *Busks* was turn'd.
Where I ſtill guard the ſacred Store,
And of *Loves Temple*, keep the *Door*.

On the Death of Mr Greenhill, *the Famous Painter.*

WHat doleful Cries are theſe that fright my (Senſe,
Sad, as the Groans of dying Innocence !
The Killing *Accents* now more near approach,
And the infectious ſound
Spreads, and enlarges all around,
And does all *Hearts* with grief and wonder touch !

The

The Famous *Greenhill's* Dead, ev'n He
That cou'd to us give Immortallity,
Is to th' Eternal, ſilent *Groves* withdrawn,
Thoſe ſullen *Groves*, of Everlaſting Dawn;
Youthful as *Flow'rs* ſcarce blown, whoſe opening
A wond'rous and a fragrant *Proſpect* gives, (*Leaves*
Of what its Elder *Beauties* wou'd diſplay,
When it ſhou'd flouriſh up to ripening *May*!
Witty as *Poets*, warm'd with *Love* and *Wine*,
Yet ſtill ſpar'd *Heav'n* and his *Friend*;
For both to him, were Sacred and Divine,
Nor cou'd he this, no more than that offend:
Fixt as a *Martyr*, where he *Friendſhip* paid,
And gen'rous as a *God*!
Diſtributing his *Bounties* all abroad,
And ſoft, and gentle, as a *Love-ſick Maid.*
Great *Maſter*, of the Nobleſt Myſtery
That ever happy knowledg did inſpire;
Sacred as that of *Poetry*! (mire!
And which the wondring *World* does equally ad-
Great *Natures* Works we do contemn,
When on his glorious *Births* we meditate,
The *Face*, and *Eyes*, more *Darts* receiv'd from him,
Than all the *Charms* ſhe can create:
The diff'rnce is, his *Beauties* do beget
In the Enamour'd *Soul* a virtuous heat,
Whilſt *Nature* groſſer pieces move
In the courſe *Road* of common Love.
So bold, yet ſoft, his touches were,
So round each part, ſo Sweet and Fair,
That as his *Pencil* mov'd, Men thought it preſt
The lively imitating riſing Breaſt,
Which yields like *Clouds*, where little *Angels* reſt!

The *Limbs* all easie, as his Temper was,
Strong as his *Mind*, and *Manly* too;
Large as his *Soul*, his Fancy was, and new;
And from himself he Copy'd ev'ry grace,
For he had all that cou'd Adorn a *Face*,
All that cou'd either *Sex* subdue.
Each excellence he had that *Youth* has in its pride,
And all experienc'd *Age* can teach;
At once the vig'rous *Fire* of this,
And ev'ry *Virtue*, which that can express,
In all the hight that both cou'd reach!
And yet (alas) in this perfection Dy'd!
Dropt like a Blossom, with a *Northern* blast,
When all the scatter'd *Leaves* abroad are cast,
As quick! as if his *Fate* had been in hast!
So have I seen an unfit *Star*
Out-shine the rest of all the num'rous Train,
(As bright as that which guides the *Marriner*)
Dart swiftly from its darkn'd Sphear,
And ne're shall light the *World* again!
Oh why shou'd so much knowledg Die!
Or with his last kind Breath,
Why cou'd he not to some one *Friend* bequeath
The mighty *Legacy*!
But 'twas a knowledg giv'n to him alone,
That his Eterniz'd Name might be
Admir'd to all *Posterity*,
By all to whom his greatful Name was known!
Come all ye softer *Beauties*, come!
Bring *Wreaths* of *Flow'rs* to deck his *Tomb*,
Mixt with the dismal *Cypress*, and *Yew*,
For he still gave your *Charms* their due,

And from the Injuries of *Age* and *Time*,
Secur'd the ſweetneſs of your prime,
And beſt know how t' Adore that ſweetneſs too!
Bring all your Mournful *Tributes* here,
And let your *Eyes* a ſilent ſorrow wear,
Till ev'ry *Virgin* for a while become
Sad as his *Fate*, and like his *Pictures* dumb.

To all curious Criticks and Admirers of Meeter.

HAve you ſeen the raging Stormy *Main*
Toſs a *Ship* up, then caſt her down again?
Sometimes ſhe ſeemes to touch the very *Skies*,
And then again upon the *Sand* ſhe lies.
Or have you ſeen a *Bull*, when he is Jealous,
How he does tear the ground, and Roars and Bel-
Or have you ſeen the pretty *Turtle Dove*, (lows?
Wheu ſhe laments the abſence of her Love!
Or have you ſeen the *Faries*, when they Sing,
And Dance with Mirth together in a *Ring*?
Or have you ſeen our *Gallants* make a pudder
With *Fair* and *Grace*, and *Grace*, and *Fair Anſtrud-*
Or have you ſeen the *Daughter* of *Apollo*, (*der*?
Pou'r down their Rhyming *Liquors* in a hallow
In ſpungy *Brain*, congealing into *Verſe*; (*Cane*?
If you have ſeen all this, then Kiſs mine *A—ſe*.

Satyr.

A. WHat *Time's* does old Age begin t' approach,
That thus thou droop'ſt under a Nights
(Debauch?

Haſt

Haſt thou loſt deep to needy *Rogues* on Tick,
Who ne're cou'd pay, and muſt be paid next *Week*?
Tim. Neither alas, but a dull Dining *Sot*,
Seiz'd me i'th' *Mall*, who juſt my Name had got;
He runs upon me, cries dear *Rogue* I'm thine,
With me ſome *Wits*, of thy acquaintance Dine.
I tell him I'm engag'd, but as a *Whore*
With Modeſty enſlaves her *Spark*, the more,
The longer I deny'd the more he preſt,
At laſt I e'ne conſent to be his *Gueſt*.
He takes me in his *Coach*, and as we go
Pulls out a *Libel*, of a Sheet or two;
Inſipid, as, *The praiſe of pious Queens*,
Or S—— unaſſiſted former *Scenes*;
Which he admir'd, and prais'd at every *Line*,
At laſt it was ſo ſharp, it muſt be mine.
I Vow'd I was no more a *Wit* than he,
Unpractic'd, and unbleſt in *Poetry*:
A *Song* to *Phillis*, I perhaps might make,
But never Rhym'd but for my *Pintles* ſake:
I envy'd no *Man*'s Fortune, nor his Fame,
Nor ever thought of a Revenge ſo tame.
He knew my *Stile*, he ſwore, and 'twas in vain,
Thus to deny the Iſſue of my *Brain*.
Choak'd with his flatt'ry, I no Anſwer make,
But ſilent leave him to his dear miſtake.
Of a well meaning *Fool* I'm moſt afraid,
Who ſillily repeats what was well ſaid.
But this was not the worſt, when he came home,
He askt, are *Sidley*, *Buckhurſt*, *Savil*, come?
No, but there were a bove *Half-wit* and *Huff*,
Kickum, and *Dingboy*. Oh 'tis well enough,

They're all brave *Fellows*, crys mine *Hoſt*, let's Dine,
I long to have my *Belly* full of *Wine* ;
They'l Write, and Fight I dare aſſure you,
They're Men, *Tam Marte quam Mercurio.*
I ſaw my error, but 'twas now too late,
No means, nor hopes, appears of a retreat.
Well we ſalute, and each *Man* takes his Seat.
Boy (ſays my *Sot*) is my *Wife* ready yet !
A *Wife*, good *Gods* ! a *Fop* and *Bullys* too !
For one poor *Meal*, what muſt I undergo?
In comes my *Lady* ſtrait, ſhe had been *Fair*,
Fit to give Love, and prevent Deſpair,
But *Age*, *Beauties* incurable Diſeaſe,
Had left her more deſire, than pow'r to pleaſe.
As *Cocks* will ſtrike, although their *Spurs* be gone,
She with her old blear *Eyes* to ſmite begun :
Though nothing elſe, ſhe (in deſpight of time)
Preſerv'd the affectation of her prime ;
However you begun, ſhe brought in Love,
And hardly from that Subject wou'd remove.
We chanc'd to ſpeak of the *French Kings* ſucceſs.
My *Lady* wonder'd much hew *Heav'n* cou'd bleſs,
A *Man*, that Lov'd two *Women* at one time ;
But more how he to them excus'd his Crime.
She askt *Huff.* if *Loves* flame he never felt ?
He anſwer'd bluntly, Do you think I'm gelt ?
She at his plainneſs ſmil'd, then turn'd to me,
Love in Young *Minds*, proceeds ev'n *Poetry.*
You to that Paſſion can no *Stranger* be,
But *Wits* are giv'n to Inconſtancy.
She had run on I think till now, but *Meat*
Came up, and ſuddenly ſhe took her Seat,

I thought the *Dinner* wou'd make ſome amends,
When my good *Hoſt* crys out, y'are all my *Friends*,
Our own plain Fair, *and the beſt* Terſe *the* Bull
Affords, *I'll give you and your* Bellies *full*:
As for French Kickſhaws, Cellery, and Champoon,
Ragous *and* Fricaſſes, in troth we'ave none. (ſtrait
Here's a good *Dinner* towards, thought I, when
Up comes a piece a *Beef*, full *Horſmans* weight;
Hard as the *Arſe* of *M*——, under which
The *Coachman* ſweats, as Ridden by a *Witch*.
A Diſh of *Carrets*, each of them as long
As *Tool*, that to fair *Counteſs* did belong;
Which her ſmall *Pillow* cou'd not ſo well hide,
But *Viſiters* his flaming Hand eſpy'd.
Pig, *Gooſe*, and *Capon*, follow'd in the *Rear*,
With all that *Country Bumpkins* call good Cheer.
Serv'd up with Sauces all of *Eighty Eight*,
When our tough *Youth*, wreſtled, and threw the
And now the *Bottle* briskly flies about, (Weight.
Inſtead of *Ice*, wrapt in a wet *Clout*.
A Brimmer follows the Third Bit we Eat,
SmallBeer becomes our drink, and Wine our Meat.
The *Table* was ſo large, that in leſs ſpace,
A Man might ſave ſix old *Italians* place:
Each Man had as much room, as *Porter B*——,
Or *Harris* had, in *Cullens Buſhel C*—*t*.
And now the *Wine* began to work, mine *Hoſt*
Had been a *Collonel*, we muſt hear him boaſt
Not of *Towns* won, but an *Eſtate* he loſt
For the *Kings* Service, which indeed he ſpent
Whoring, and Drinking, but with good intent:
He talkt much of a Plot, and *Mony* lent

In *Cromwell's* time. My *Lady* she
Complain'd our Love was course, our *Poetry*
Unfit for modest *Ears*, small *Whores*, and *Play'rs*.
Were of our Hair-brain'd *Youth*, the only cares;
Who were too wild for any virtuous *League*,
Too rotten to consummate the Intrigue.
Falkland she prais'd, and *Sucklings* easie Pen,
And seem'd to taste their former parts again.
Mine *Host* drinks to the best in *Christendom*,
And decently wy *Lady* quits the Room.
Left to our selves, of several things we prate,
Some regulate the *Stage*, and some the *State*.
Halfwit cries up my Lord of O——,
Ah how well *Mustapha*, and *Zanger* Dye!
His Sense so little forc'd, that by one *Line*,
You may the other easily Divine:
And which is worse, if any worse can be,
He never said one word of it to me.
There's fine *Poetry*! you'd swear 'twere *Prose*,
So little on the Sense, the Rhymes impose.
Damme (says *Ding-boy*) in my mind *Gods-swounds*,
E—writes *Airy Songs*, and soft *Lampoons*,
The best of any *Man*; as for your *Nouns*,
Grammer, and Rules of Art, he knows 'em not,
Yet writ Two Talking *Plays*, without one *Plot*.
H—was for *S*—and *Morocco* prais'd, (rais'd.
Said rumbling words, like Drums, his Courage
Whose broad-built bulks, the boyst'rous Billows bear;
Zaphre and Sally, Mugadore, Oran,
The fam'd Arzile, Alcazer, Tituan.
Was ever braver Language writ by *Man*?

Kickum

Kickum for *Crown* declar'd, said in *Romance*,
He had out-done the very *VVits* of *France*.
Witness *Pandion*, and his *Charles* the *Eight*,
Where a young *Monarch*, careless of his Fate,
Though Forcign Troops, & *Rebels*, shock his State,
Complains another sight afflicts him more;
(Videl.) The *Queens Galleys* rowing from the *shoar*,
Fitting their Oars and Tacking to be gone,
VVhilst sporting VVaves smil'd on the rising Sun.
Waves smiling on the *Sun*! I'm sure that's new,
And 'twas well thought on, give the *Divel* his due.
Mine *Host*, who had said nothing in an hour,
Rose up and prais'd the *Indian Emperour.*
As if our Old World *modestly with-drew,*
And here in private had brought forth a New.
There are two *Lines*! who but he durst presume
To make the old *World* a new withdrawing Room,
Where of another *VVorld* she's brought to *Bed*!
What a brave *Midwife* is a *Laureat*'s Head!
But Pox of all these *Scriblers*, what d'e think,
Will *Souches* this Year any *Champooe* dring?
Will *Turenne* Fight him? without doubt, says *Huff*,
If they two meet, their meeting will be rough.
Damme (says *Dingboy*) the *French*, *Cowards* are,
They pay, but the *English*, *Scots*, & *Swiths* make *War*:
In gawdy *Troops*, at a Review they shine,
But dare not with the *Germans*, *Battle* joine;
What now appears like Courage, is not so,
'Tis a short Pride, which from success does grow
On the'r first Blow, they'll shrink into those Fears
They shew'd at *Cressy*, *Agincourt*, *Poytiers*;

Their loſs was Infamous, *Honour* ſo ſtain'd,
Is by a *Nation* not to be regain'd. (brave,
What they were then I know not, now they're
He that denies it, lies, and is a *Slave*,
(Says *Huff*, and frown'd;) ſays *Dingboy*, that do I,
And at that word, at t'others *Head* let fly
A greaſie *Plate*, when ſuddenly they all
Together by the Ears in Parties fall:
Halfwit with *Dingbey* joyns, *Kickum* with *Huff*;
Their Swords were ſafe, and ſo we let 'em Cuff
Till they mine *Hoſt*, and I, had all enough.
Their Rage once over, they begin to Treat,
And Six freſh *Bottles* muſt the Peace Compleat.
I ran down Stairs with a Vow never more
To drink Beer-Glaſs, and hear the *Hectors* roar.

A Seſſion of the Poets.

SInce the *Sons* of the *Muſes* grew num'rous, and
(loud,
For th' appeaſing ſo factious, & clam'rous a Crowd
Apollo thought fit in ſo Weighty a Cauſe,
T' Eſtabliſh a Government, *Leader*, and *Laws*.
The hopes of the *Bays*, at his Summoning Call,
Had drawn 'em together, the *Devil* and all: (ſing,
All thronging and liſtning, they gap'd for the Bleſ-
No *Presbyter Sermon* had more crowding and preſ-
In the *Head* of the *Gang* *J--D--* appear'd, (ſing.
That Ancient grave *VVit*, ſo long lov'd and fear'd;
But *Apollo* had heard a Story i'th' *Town*,
Of his quitting the *Muſes*, to wear a Black *Gown*;
And ſo gave him leave, now his *Poetry*'s done,
To let him turn *Prieſt*, now *R*—— is turn'd *Nun*.

This

This Reverend *Author* was no sooner set by,
But *Apollo* had got gentle *George* in his Eye,
And frankly confeſt, of all Men that writ, (Wit;
There's none had more Fancy, Senſe, Judgment, &
But i'th' crying Sin, Idleneſs, he was ſo harden'd,
That his long Sev'n Years ſilence, was not to be
(pardon'd.

Brawny *VV*-- was the next Man ſhew'd his Face,
But *Apollo* e'ne thought him too good for the place;
No *Gentleman VVriter* that Office ſhou'd bear,
'Twas a *Trader* in *VVit*, the *Lawrel* ſhou'd wear;
As none but a *Citt*, e're makes a *Lord Mayor*.

Next into the Crowd, *Tom S*——does wallow,
And Swears by his *Guts*, his *Paunch*, and his *Tallow*;
'Tis he that alone beſt pleaſes the Age,
Himſelf and his *VVife* have ſupported the *Stage*.
Apollo, well pleas'd with ſo Bonny a *Lad*,
T'oblige him, he told him he ſhou'd be huge glad,
Had he half ſo much *VVit*, as he fancy'd he had.
However to pleaſe ſo *Jovial* a *Wit*,
And to keep him in humour, *Apollo* thought fit,
To bid him drink on, and keep his Old Trick
Of railing at *Poets*, and ſhewing his *Prick*.

N--*L*-- ſtept in next, in hopes of a *Prize*,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in Thrice;
By the Ruby's in's Face, he cou'd not deny,
But he had as much Wit as *Wine* cou'd ſupply;
Confeſt that indeed he had a *Muſical Note*,
But ſometimes ſtrain'd ſo hard, that he rattled ith'
(Throat,
Yet owning he had *Senſe*, t' encourage him for't,
He made him his *Ovid* in *Auguſtus's Court*,

Poet S--- his Tryal, was the next came about,
He brought him an *Ibrahim*, with the Preface torn (out;
And humbly desir'd, he might give no offence;
God damme cry S—— he cannot write sense,
And Ballocks, cry'd *Newport*, I hate that dull *Rogue*;
Apollo, consid'ring he was not iu Vogue, (*Fool*,
Wou'd not trust his dear *Bays*, with so modest a
And bid the great *Boy*, shou'd be sent back to *School*,
Tom O---came next, *Tom* S---, dear *Zany*;
And swears for *Heroicks*, he writes best of any;
Don C--his Pockets so amply had fill'd, (all kill'd.
That his *Mange* was quite cur'd, and his *Lice* were
But *Apollo* had seen his Face on the Stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage,
The scum of a *Play-house*, for the Prop of an *Age*.
In the numerous Herd, that encompast him round,
Little starcht *Jonny* C---at his Elbow he found,
His *Crevat-string* new Iron'd, he gently did stretch
His Lilly-white hand out, the *Lawrel* to reach;
Alledging that he had most right to the *Bays*,
For writing *Romances*, and shiting of *Plays*.
Apollo rose up, and gravely confest,
Of all *Men* that writ, his *Talent* was best:
For since pain, and dishonor, *Mans* life only damn,
The greatest felicity *Mankind* can claim,
Is to want sense of smart, & be past sense of shame:
And to perfect his *Bliss*, in *Poetical Rapture*,
He bid him be dull to the end of the *Chapter*.
The *Poetess Afra*, next shew'd her sweet Face,
And swore by her *Poetry*, and her black *Ace*,

The *Lawrel*, by a double right was her own,
For the *Plays* she had writ, and the *Conquests* she
(had won:
Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,
Yet to deal franckly, and ingeniously by her,
He told her, were *Conquests*, and *Charms*, her pre-
(tence,
She ought to have pleaded a *Dozen* Years since.
Anababaluthu put in for a share,
And little *Tom Essences Author*, was there,
Nor cou'd *D*---- forbear for the *Lawrel* to stickle
Protesting he had had the *Honour* to tickle
The Ears of the *Town*, with his dear *Madam Fickle*.
With other pretenders, whose names I'd rehearse,
But they're to long too stand in my *Verse*.
Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious *Harrangue*,
Finds at last *Tom B*---- Face in the Gang,
And since Poets, with the kind Play'rs, may hang,
By his own light, he solemnly swore,
That in search of a *Laureat*, he'd look out no more.
A general murmer ran quite through the *Hall*,
To think that the *Bays* to an *Actor* shou'd fall,
But *Apollo*, to quiet, and pacifie all;
E'ne told, 'em to put his desert to the Test,
That he made Plays, as well as the best:
And was the greatest wonder the *Age* ever bore,
For of all the Play-Scriblers, that e're writ before,
His wit, had most wotth, and most modest in't,
For he had writ, Plays, yet ne'e came in Print.

SATYR.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris *aut carcere diguum*
Sivis esse aliquis---Indem sat.

Suppos'd to be spoken by a *Court* Hector.

Pindarique.

NOw Curses on ye all, ye virtuous *Fools*,
Who think to Fetter Free-born *Souls*,
And tie 'em up to dull *Mortality*, and *Rules*;
The *Stagyrite*, be damn'd, and all the Crew,
Of learn'd *Idiots*, who his steps pursue:
And those most silly *Proselites*, whom his fond pre-
cepts drew! (drown'd,
Oh had his *Ethicks* been with their wild *Author*
Or a like Fate, with those lost Writings found,
which that grand *Plagiary*, doom'd to *Fire*,
And made by unjust *Flames* expire,
They ne're had then seduc'd *Mortality*,
Ne're lasted to debauch the *World*, wirh their lewd
(*Pedantry*.
But damn'd, and more (if *Hell* can do't) be that
(Thrice Curs'ed Name,
Who are the Rudiments of Law design'd;
Who e're did the First *Model* of *Religion* frame,
And by that double *Vassalage* enthral'd *Mankind*;
By nought before, but their own pow'r, or will
(confin'd:
Now quite abridg'd of all their Primitive liberty,
And *Slaves* to each capricious *Monarchs* Tyranny.
More happy *Bruites*! who the great Rule of sense
(observe,

And

And ne're from their First Charter swerve.
Happy whose Lives are meerly to enjoy,
And feel no stings of Sin, which may their Bliss an-
Still unconcern'd, at *Epithetes* of ill or good, (noy;
Distinctions unadult'rate *Nature*, never understood

2.

Hence! hated *Virtue*, from our goodly *Isle*!
No more our Joys beguile! (happy State;
No more with thy loath'd presence plague our
Thou *Enemy* to all that's brisk, or gay, or brave, or
Begone! with all thy pious meager *Train*, (great!
To some nnfruitful, unfrequented *Land*,
And there an *Empire* gain,
And there extend thy rigorous command:
There where illib'ral Natures Nigardice,
Has set a *Tax* on *Vice*!
Where the lean barren *Region* does enhance,
The worth of dear intemperance!
And for each pleasurable Sin, exacts Excise!
We (thanks to *Heav'n*) more cheaply can offend.
And want no tempting *Luxuries*,
No good convenient Sinning opportunities.
Which *Natures* bounty cou'd bestow, or *Heav'ns*
(kindness lend!
Go follow that Nice *Goddess* to the *Skies*!
Who heretofore disgusted an encreasing Vice,
Dislik'd the *World*, and thought it too profane,
And timely hence retir'd, & kindly ne're return'd
Hence! to those Airy Mansions rove, (again;
Converse with *Saints*, and holy *Flocks* above!
Those may thy presence wooe,
Whose lazy ease, affords 'em nothing else to do;

Where

Where haughty ſcornful I, (Company :
And my great *Friends*, will ne're vouch ſafe thee
Thou art now a hard unpracticable good,
Too difficult for *Fleſh* and *Blood*, (practice thee.
Where I all Soul like them, perhaps I'd learn to

3.

Virtue ! thou ſolemn grave impertinence,
Abhorr'd by all the *Men* of *Wit* and *Senſe* ! (here,
Thou damn'd *Fatigue* ! that clogg'ſt Lifes Journey
Tho' thou no weight of *Wealth* or Profit bear !
Thou puling, fond, Green-ſickneſs of the *Minds*,
That makes us prove to our own ſelves unkind ;
Whereby we *Coals* and *Dirt*, for *Diet* chooſe,
And pleaſures better *Food* refuſe.
Curſt *Jilt* ! that leadſt deluded *Mortals* on,
Till they too late perceive themſelves undone.
Chows'd by a *Dowry*, in Reverſion !
The greateſt *Votary*, thou e're cou'dſt boaſt,
Pity ſo brave a Soul, was in thy ſervice loſt,
What wonders he in wickedneſs had done !
Whom thy week pow'r, cou'd ſo inſpire alone !
Thou long with fond Amours he courted thee,
Yet dying did Recant his vain Idolatry ;
At length (tho late) he did repent with ſhame,
Forc'd to confeſs thee nothing but an empty name;
So was the *Letcher* gull'd, whoſe haughty love,
Deſign'd a *Rape* on the *Queen Regent*, of the *Gods*
(above.
When he a *Goddeſs* thought he had in chaſe,
He found a gawdy *Vapour* in the place,
And with thin Air, beguil'd his ſtary'd embrace;
Idly he ſpent his *Vigour* ! ſpent his *Blood*,
And tir'd himſelf, t' oblige an unperforming *Cloud*.

4.

If human kind to thee e're Worship paid,
Then were by Ignorance misled;
That only them devout, and thee a *Goddess* made:
Know hap'ly in the *Worlds* rude untaught Infancy,
Before it had out-grown its Childish Innocence;
Before it had arriv'd at Sense, (bauchery;
Or reach'd the *Manhood*, and discretion of De-
Known in those Ancient, Godly, duller times,
When crafty *Pagans* had engross'd all Crimes:
When *Christian Fools*, were obstinatly good,
Nor yet their Gospel freedom understood.
Tame easie *Fops*, who cou'd so prodigally bleed,
To be thought *Saints*, and dye a Kalender with red.
No prudent *Heathen*, e're seduc'd cou'd be,
To suffer Martyrdom for thee, (wise:
Only that Arrant *Asse*, whom the false *Oracle* call'd
(No wonder if the *Devil* utter'd *Lies*)
That sniv'ling *Puritan*, who spite of all the Mode,
Wou'd be unfashionably good;
And exercis' his whinning Gifts to rail at Vice,
Him all the *Wits*, of *Athens*, damn'd,
And justly with *Lampoons*, defam'd.
But when the Mad *Fanatick* cou'd not silenc'd be,
From broaching of Divinity,
The wise *Republick*, made him for prevention dye,
And kindly sent him to the *Gods*, and better Com-

5. (pany.

Let fumbling Age, be grave, and wise,
And *Virtues* poor contemn'd *Idea* prize,
Who never knew, now art past the sweets of Vice;
Whilst we whose Active Pulses beat,
With lusty Youth, and vig'rous heat, Can

Can all their *Birds*, and *Morals* too despise;
Whilst my plump *Veins* are fill'd with Lust an
Let not one thought of her intrude, (Blooc
Or dare approach my *Breast*;
But now 'tis all possest,
By a more welcome *Guest*;
And know, I have not yet the leisure to be good:
If ever unkind *Destiny*,
Shall force long Life on me;
If e're I must the Curse of *Dotage* bear,
Perhaps I'll dedicate those *Dregs* of time to her,
And come with *Crutches*, her most humble *Votary*.
When Sprightly *Vice* retreats from hence,
And quits the Ruins of decayed Sense,
She'll serve to Usher in a fair petence, (potence!
And vanish with her Name, a well dissembled Im-
When Pthisick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Palsies
And all the *Bill* of *Maladies*, (seize,
Which *Heav'n*, to punish over-living *Mortals* sends;
Then let her enter, with th' num'rous infirmities,
Her self the greatest plague, which wrinckles and
6. (gray Hairs attends.
Tell me, ye Venerable *Sots*, who Court her most,
What small advantage can she boast, (gross'd?
Which her great *Rival*, has not in a greater store en-
Her quiet, calm, and peace of Mind,
In *Wine* and Company, we better find,
Find it with pleasure. too combin'd!
In mighty Wine, where we our Senses steep,
And lull our Cares and *Consciences* asleep!
But why do I, that wild *Chimera* name?
Conscience! that giddy Airy *Dream*;

Which

Which does from *Brain-sick-heads*, or ill digesting
(Stomachs, stream.
Conscience ! the vain Fantastick Fear,
Of Punishments, we know not when, or where:
Project of crafty *States-men*, to support weak Law,
Whereby they Slavish Spirits awe,
And dastard Souls, to forc'd Obedience draw.
Grand Wheedle! which our *Gown'd-Impostors* use,
The poor unthinking *Rabble*, to abuse?
Scare-Crow, to fright from the forbidden Fruit of
Their own beloved *Paradice* ! (Vice,
Let those Vile *Canters*, Wickedness decry,
Whose Mercenary Tongues take pay
For what they say ; (deny.
And yet commend in practice, what their words
While we discerning Heads, who farther pry,
Their Holy *Cheats* defie, (*Cajollery.*
And scorn their Frauds, and scorn their sanctifi'd
None but dull unbred *Fools*, discredit Vice,
Who act their Wickedness, with an ill grace ;
Such their Profession scandalize,
And justly forfeit all that praise,
All that esteem, that credit, and applause.
Which we by our wise *Manage*, from a Sin can
A true, and brave Transgressor ought, (raise.
To Sin with the same height of Spirit, *Cæsar* fought
Mean-soul'd Offenders, now no honour gain,
Only Debauches of the Nobler strain ;
Vice, well improv'd, yields Bliss, and Fame be-
And some for Sinning have been *Deify'd* ! (side,
Thus the lewd *Gods*, of old, did move,
By these Brave *Methods*, to the Seats above !

Ev'n

Ev'n *Jove* himſelf, the Sov'raign *Deity*,
Father, and *King*, of all th' immortal Progeny,
Aſcended to that high degree,
By Crimes above the reach of weak *Mortality*;
He *Heav'n* one large *Seraglio* made,
Each *Goddeſs*, turn'd a glorious *Punk*, o'th' Trade,
And all the Sacred place,
Was fill'd with *Baſtard Gods*, of his own Race!
Almighty *Letch'ry* got his firſt repute, (bute.
And everlaſting Whoring, was his chiefeſt Attri-

8.

How gallant was that *Wretch*, whoſe happy guilt,
A Fame upon the Ruins of a *Temple* built?
Let *Fools* (ſaid he) Impiety alledg,
And urge the no great Faul of *Sacriledg*?
I'll ſet the Sacred *Pile* on flame,
And in its *Aſhes*, write my laſting Name!
My Name! which thus ſhall be,
Deathleſs as its own *Deity*!
Thus the vain glorious *Carian*, I'll out-do,
And *Ægypt*'s proudeſt *Monarchs* too!
Thoſe laviſh *Prodigals*, who idly did conſume
Their Lives, and Treaſures to erect a *Tomb*,
And only great, by being buried wou'd become.
At cheaper Rates than they, I'll buy Renown,
And my lowd Fame, ſhall all their ſilent Glories
(drown!

So ſpake the daring *Hector*, ſo did Prophecy,
And ſo it prov'd— in vain did envious Fate,
By fruitleſs *Methods* try,
To raiſe his well built *Fame* and *Memory*
Amongſt *Poſterity*:

The

The *Beautifeu* can now Immortal write,
While the inglorious *Founder* is forgotten quite.

9.

Yet great was that mighty *Emperor*.
(A greater Crime, befitted his high pow'r)
Who Sacrific'd a *City* to a Jeſt, (beſt!
And ſhew'd he knew the grand Intrigues of humor
He made all *Rome* a *Bonfire* to his Fame!
And ſung, and plaid, and danc'd amidſt the Flame!
Bravely begun! yet pity there he ſtaid,
One ſtep to glory more he ſhou'd have made!
He ſhou'd have heav'd the noble *Frollick* higher,
And made the *People* on, that *Fun'ral Pile* expire!
Or providently with their *Blood* put out the *Fire*!
Had this been done,
The utmoſt pitch of Glory he had wone!
No greater *Monument* cou'd be,
To Conſecrate him to *Eternity*! (but me!
Nor ſhou'd there need another *Herald* of his praiſe

10.

And thou yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our Iſle,
Whom baffled *Hell*, eſteems its chiefeſt *Foyl*;
('Twere injury ſhou'd I omit thy Name)
Whoſe action merits all the breath of *Fame*!
Methinks I ſee the trembling ſhades below,
Around in humble Rev'rence, how
Doubtful they ſeem, whether to pay their *Loyalty*
To their dread *Monarch*, or to thee!
No wonder he grown jealous of thy fear'd ſucceſs,
Envy'd *Mankind*, the Honour of thy Wickedneſs,
And ſpoil'd that brave attempt, which muſt have
(made his grandure *leſs*.

How e're regret not mighty *Ghost*,
Thy *Plot* by treach'rous Fortune croſt,
Nor think thy well deſerved glory loſt!
Thou the full praiſe of *Villany* ſhalt ever ſhare,
And all will judg thy Act compleat enough, when
(thou coud'ſt dare.
So thy great *Maſter* fear'd, whoſe high diſdain,
Contemn'd that *Heav'n*, where he cou'd not
When he with bold Ambition ſtrove, (Reign:
T' Uſurp the *Throne* above;
And led againſt the *Deity* an Armed Train,
Though from his vaſt deſigns he fell,
O're pow'rd by's *Almighty Foe*,
Yet gain'd he *Vict'ry* in his overthrow;
He gain'd ſufficient *Triumph*, that he durſt rebel,
And 'twas ſome pleaſure, to be thought the great'ſt
II. (in *Hell*!
Tell me ye great *Triumvirate*, what ſhall I do,
To be Illuſtrious as you? (Fire!
Let your example move me with a gen'rous
Let 'em into my daring thoughts inſpire (Crime,
Somewhat compleatly wicked, ſome vaſt *Gyant*
Unthought unknown, unpattern'd, by all paſt,
(and preſent time!
'Tis done, 'tis done, methinks I feel the pow'rful
(Charms!
And a new heat of Sin, my Spirits warms!
I travel with a glorious Miſchief, for whoſe *Birth*
My Souls too narrow, and weak, Fate too feeble,
(yet to bring it forth!
Let the unpitty'd *Vulgar*, tamely go, (low:
And ſtock for company, the wide *Plantations* be-

Such their Vile Souls, for Viler *Barter* ſell,
Scarceworth the damning, or their room in *Hell*.
We are its *Grandees*, and expect as high prefer-
(ment there,
For our good ſervice, as on *Earth* we ſhare.
In them, Sin is but a meer privative of good,
The frailty and defect of *Fleſh* and *Blood*;
In us 'tis a perfection, who profeſs,
A ſtudy'd, and Elaborate Wickedneſs:
We're the great *Royal Society* of Vice,
Whoſe Talents, are to make Diſcoveries,
And advance Sin, like other *Arts* and *Sciences*.
'Tis I, the bold *Columbus*, only I,
Who muſt new *Worlds*, in Vice deſcry,
And fix the *Pillars*, of unpaſſable Iniquity.

12.

How ſneaking was the firſt *Debauch* that ſin'd,
Who for ſo ſmall a Sin, ſold *Human* kind!
How undeſerving that high place,
To be thought *Parent* of our Sin, and Race;
Who by low guilt, our *Nature* doubly did debaſe.
Unworthy was he to be thought,
Father of the great *Firſt-born Cain*, which he begot.
The Noble *Cain*! whoſe bold, and gallant Act,
Proclaim'd him of more high *Extract*!
Unworthy me,
And all the braver part of his *Poſterity*;
Had the juſt *Fates* deſign'd me in his ſtead,
I'd done ſome great, and unexampled Deed!
A Deed! which ſhou'd decry,
The *Stoicks* dull Equality,
And ſhew that Sin admits Tranſcendency!

A deed! wherein the *Tempter* ſhou'd not ſhare,
Above what *Heav'n* cou'd puniſh, and above what
(he cou'd dare!
For greater Crimes than his, I wou'd have fell,
And acted ſomewhat, which might merit more
(than *Hell*.

An Apology to the fore-going Satyr, *by way of Epilogue.*

MY part is done, and you'll I hope excuſe
The extravagance, of a repenting *Muſe*;
Pardon what e're ſhe has to boldly ſaid,
She only acted here in *Masquerade*;
And the ſlight *Arguments* ſhe did produce,
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce:
So we *Buffoones*, in *Princely* dreſs expoſe,
Not to be Gay but more Ridiculous
When ſhe a *Hector* for her *Subject* had,
She thought ſhe muſt be *Tarmagant*, and Mad;
That made her ſpeak like a lewd *Punck*, o'th' *Town*,
Who by converſe with *Bullys*, wicked grown,
Has learn'd the *Mode* to cry all Virtue down:
But now the *Vizor's* off, ſhe changes Scene,
And turns a Modeſt Civil *Girl* again.
Our *Poet* has a diff'rent taſte of Wit,
Nor will to th' common Vogue, himſelf ſubmit.
Let ſome admire the *Fops*, whoſe Talents lye,
Inventing dull inſipid *Blaſphemy*;
He ſwears he cannot with thoſe terms diſpence,
Nor will be damn'd for the repute of ſenſe.
Wits Name, was never to Profaneſs due,
For then you ſee, he cou'd be witty too:
He cou,d *Lampoon* the *State*, and *Libel Kings*,
But that he's *Loyal*, and knows better things,
Than *Fame*, whoſe guilty *Birth* from *Treaſon* ſprings.

He likes not Wit which can no *Licence* claim,
To which the *Author* dares not set his Name;
Wit shou'd be open, court each *Readers Eye*,
Not lurk in sly unprinted Privacy.
But Criminal *Writers*, like dull *Birds* of Night,
For weakness, or for shame, avoid the light:
May such a *Jury*, for the *Audience* have,
And from the *Bench*, not *Pit*, their doom receive:
May they the *Tower* for their due merits share,
And a Just Wreath of *Hemp*, not *Lawrel* wear.
He cou'd be *Bawdy* too, and Nick the Times,
In what they dearly love, damn'd *Placket* (Rhymes,
Such as our *Nobles* Write——
Whose Nauseous *Poetry* can reach no higher,
Than what the *Cod-peice*, or its *God* inspire:
So lewd they spend at Quill, you'd justly think,
They wrote with something Nastier than Ink.
But he still thought that little Wit, or none,
Which a just Modesty must never own,
And a meer *Redder* with a blush attone.
If Ribauldry deserve the praise of Wit,
He must resign to each illit'rate *Cit*,
And *Prentices*, and *Car-men*, challenge it:
Ev'n they too, can be smart, and witty there,
For all *Men* on that Subject, *Poets* are.
Hence forth he says, if ever more he find,
Himself to the base Itch of Verse inclin'd,
If e're he's given up so far to Write,
He never means to make his end delight;
Shou'd he do so, he must despare success,
For he's not now Debauch'd enough to please,
And must be Damn'd for want of Wickedness.

He'll therefore uſe his gift another way,
And next the uglineſs of Vice diſplay:
Though againſt *Virtue* once he drew his Pen,
He'll ne're for ought, but her defence agen.
Had he a *Genius*, and *Poetick* Rage,
Great as the *Vices* of this guilty Age;
Were he all *Gaul*, and arm'd with ſtore of ſpight,
'Twere worth his pains to undertake to write:
To Noble *Satyr*, he'd direct his aim,
And by't *Mankind*, and *Poetry* reclaim:
He'd ſhoot his Quills, juſt like a *Porcupine*,
At *Vice*, and make 'em ſtab in ev'ry *Line*;
The *World*, ſhou'd learn to bluſh——
And dread the Vengeance of his angry Wit, (fright;
Which more than their own *Conſciences* ſhou'd
And all ſhou'd think him *Heavens* juſt Plague de-
To viſit for the Sins of lewd *Mankind*. (ſign'd,

Upon the Author of the Play call'd Sodom.

TEll me abandon'd *Miſcreant*, prithee tell, (*Hell*;
What damn'd Pow'r invok'd, and ſent from
(If *Hell*, were bad enough) did thee inſpire, (hear?
Haſt thou of late embrac'd ſome *Sucubus*?
And us'd the lewd *Familiar*, for a *Muſe*?
Or didſt thy Soul, by Inch o'th' *Candle* ſell,
To gain the glorious Name of *Pimp*, to *Hell*?
If ſo, go, and its vow'd *Allegiance* ſwear,
Without Preſs-Mony, be its *Volunteer*:
May he who envies thee, deſerve thy Fate,
Deſerve both *Heav'ns*, and *Mankinds*, ſorn & hate.
Diſgrace to *Libels*! Foil to very ſhame,
Whom 'tis a ſcandal to vouchſafe to damn.

What

What foul deſcriptions, foul enough for thee,
Sunk quite below the reach of Infamy?
Thou covet'ſt to be lewd, but want'ſt the mite,
And art all over *Devil*, but in Wit.
Weak feeble *Strainer*, at meer Ribaldry,
Whoſe *Muſe* is Impotent to that degree,
That need, like Age, be whipt to *Letchery*.
Vile *Sot*! who clapt with *Poetry* art ſick,
And void'ſt Corruption, like a *Shanker'd Prick*.
Like *Ulcers*, the Impoſtum'd Addle Brains,
Drop out in *Matter*, which thy Paper ſtains:
Whence nauſeous *Rhymes*, by filthy *Births* proceed,
As *Maggots*, in ſome *T—rd*, ingendring breed.
Thy *Muſe* has got the *Flow'rs*, and they aſcend,
As in ſome *Green-ſick Girl*, at upper end.
Sure *Nature* made, or meant at leaſt t' have don't,
Thy Tongue a *Clytoris*, thy Mouth a *C—t*:
How well a *Dildoe*, wou'd that place become,
To gag it up, and make't for ever dumb?
At leaſt it ſhou'd be Syring'd——
Or wear ſome ſtinking *Merkin* for a Beard,
That all from its baſe converſe might be ſcar'd;
As they a *Door* ſhut up, and mark'd beware,
That tells infection, and the *Plague* is there.
Thou *Moorfields Author*, fit for *Bawds* to quote,
(If *Bawds* themſelves with honour ſafe may do't,)
When *Suburd Prentice* comes to hire delight
And wants Incentives to dull Appetite, (hearſe,
There *Punk*, perhaps, may thy brave works re-
Frigging the ſenſeleſs thing, with Hand and Verſe;
Which after ſhall preferr'd to *Dreſſing Box*)
Hold *Turpentine*, and *Medicines* for the *Pox*:

Or (if I may ordain a *Fate* more fit)
For ſuch foul naſty *Excrements* of *Wit*,
May they condemn'd to th' publick *Jakes* be lent,
For me I'd fear the *Piles*, in Vengeance ſent,
Shou'd I with them prophane my *Fundament*)
Therefore bugger wiping *Porters* when they ſhite,
And ſo thy *Book* it ſelf turn *Sodomite*.

A Call to the Guard by *a* Drum.

RAT too, Rat too, Rat tat too, Rat tat too, (*Blew,*
With your Noſes all ſcabb'd, and your Eyes Black and
All ye hungry poor Sinners, *that* Foot-Soldiers *are,*
Though with very ſmall Coin, yet with very much care,
From your Quarters *in* Garrets, *make haſt to repair,*
To the Guard, to the Guard.
From your ſorry Straw-beds, and your bonny white Fleas,
From your Dreams of ſmall drink, and your wery ſmall eaſe,
From your plenty of ſtink, and no plenty of room, (*Gum,*
From your Walls *daub'd with Phlem ſticking on 'em like*
And Ceiling hung with Cobwebs, to ſtanch a cut Thumb,
To the Guard, &c.
From your crackt Earthen piſs-pots, where no piſs can ſtay,
From Roofs bewrit with ſnuffs in letters the wrong way,
From one old broken Stool, with one unbroken Leg,
One Box *with ne're a* Lid, *to keep ne're a* Rag,
And Windows that of Storms more than your ſelves can brag,
To the Guard, &c.
With truſty Pike, *and* Gun, *and the other ruſty* Tool,
With Heads extreamly hot, and with Hearts wondrous cool;
With Stomachs meaning none (*but* Cooks *and* Sutlers) *hurt,*
With two old totter'd Shooes, that diſgrace the Town Dirt,
With 40 *ſhreds of Breeches, and not one ſhred of Shirt.*
To the Guard, &c.

See they come, see they come, see they come, see they come,
With Allarms in their Pates, to the call of a Drum;
Some lodging with the Bawds (whom the modest call Bitches)
With their Bones dry'd to Kexes, and Legs shurnk to Switches;
With the Plague in the purse and the Pox in the Breeches.

To the Guard, &c.

Some from snoring and farting, and spewing on Breeches,
Some from damn'd fulsome Ale, & more damn'd fulsome Wenches
Some from Put, and Size Ace, and old Sim, this way stalk,
Each Mans reeling's his Gate, and his Hycop his talk,
With two new Cheeks of red, from ten old Rows of Chalk.

To the Guard, &c.

Here comes others from scuffling and damning mine Host,
With their Tongues at last tam'd, but with Faces that boast,
Of some Scars by the Jordan, or War-like Quart Pot,
For their building of Sconces and Volleys of Shot,
Which they charg'd to the Mouth, but discharg'd ne're a Groat.

To the Guard, &c.

Then for Valour in black too! the Chaplain *does come!*
From his Preaching o're Pots, now to pray o're a Drum.
All ye Whoreing and Swearing old Red Coats, draw near,
Like to Saints *in Red Letters, listen and give ear,*
And be Godly a while ho, and then as you were.

To the Guard, &c.

After some canting Terms, to your Arms, and the like,
Such as poysing your Musket, or porting your Pike;
To the Right, to the Left, or else Face about,
After ratling your Sticks, and your shaking a Clout,
Hast your Infantry Troops, that mount the Guard on Foot.

To the Guard, &c.

Captain Hector *first marches, but not he of* Troy,
But a Trifle made up of a Man *and a* Boy.
See the Man scant at Arms, in a Scarf does abound,
Which presages some swagg'ring, but no blood nor wound,
Like a Rain-bow that shews the World shan't be drown'd.

To the Guard, &c.

As

As the Tinker *wears Rags, whilst the* Dog *bears the Budget:*
So the Man stalks with staff, whilst the Foot-boy does trudg it,
With the Tool he shou'd work with (that's Half pike you'll say)
But what Captain's *so strong his own Arms to convey,*
When he Marches o're loaden with Ten other Mens pay.

To the Guard, &c.

In his March (if you mark) he's attended at least,
With stings Sixteen deep, and about Five a Breast,
Made of Ale and Mundungas, Snuff, Rags, and Brown Crust, for,
While he wants Twenty Taylors *to make up the Cluster,*
Which declares that his journey's not new to the Muster.

But to the Guard, &c.

Some with Musket and Belly uncharg'd, march away,
With Pipes black as their Mouths are, and short as their pay;
Whilst their Coats made of holes, shew like Bone lace about 'em,
And their Bandileers hang like the Bobbins without 'em,
And whilst Horsemen *do cloath 'm, these* Foot-scrubs *do clout 'em.*

For the Guard, &c.

Some with that ti'd on one side, & Wit tid on neither, (hither,
Wear Gray Coats, and Gray Cattle, see their Wenches *run*
For to peep through Red Lettice, and dark Cellar doors,
To behold 'em wear Pikes rusty, just like their Whores,
As slender as their Meals, and as long as their Scores.

To the Guard, &c.

Some with Tweedle, Weedle, Weede (whilst we beat dub a dub)
Keep the base Scotish Noise, and as base Scotish scrub;
Then with Body contracted, a Rag open spread,
Comes a thing with Red Colours, and Nose full as Red,
Like an Ensign, to the King, and to the Kings Head.

Towards the Guard, &c.

Two Commanders, come last, the Lieutenant perhaps,
Full of Low Country Story, and Low Country Claps,
To to be next him the other takes care not to fail,
(Powder Monkey by name) that vents stink by wholesale;
For where wou'd the Fart be, but just with the Tail.

Of the Guard, &c.

And

And now hay for the King, *Boys, and they for the* Court,
Which is guarded by these. as the Tow'r *is by Dirt* ;
These White-hall *must admit, and such other unhorse ye,*
Each Day lets in the drunk, whilst it lets out the drowsie,
And no place in the World, *shifts so oft to be Lowsey.*
Thank the Guard, &c.

Some to Scotland-yard sneak, and the Sutlers *Wife kisses,*
But dispairing of Drink, *till some Country man pisses,*
And pays too (for no place in the Court must be given)
To the Can, Office then all, a Foot Soldiers *Heav'n,*
Where he finds a foul Fox, *soon, and cures Sir* Stephen.
On the Guard, &c.

Some at Shite-house publick (where a Rag always goes)
At once empty their Guts, and diminish their Cloths,
Tho' their Mouths are poor Pimps (Whore and Bacon being all)
Their chief Food, (yet their Bums we true Courtiers *may call,*
For what they eat in the Suburbs, they shite at White-hall.
For the Guard, &c.

Such a like pack of Cards, to the Park, making entry,
Here, and there, deal an Ace, which the Jews, *call a Centry,*
Which in bad Houses of Boards, stand to tell what a Clock 'tis,
Where they keep up tame Red Coats, *as Men keep up tame* Foxes,
Or Apothecaries lay up their Dogs T---ds, in Boxes.
Oh the Guard, &c.

Some of these are planted (though it has been their lucks
Oft to steal Country Geese) now to watch the King's Ducks;
While some others are set, in the side that has Wood in,
To stand Pimps to black Masques, that are oft thither footing,
Just as Huswifes set Cuckholds, *to tend their Black-pudding.*
Oh the Guard, &c.

Whilst another true Trojan, *to some passage runs,*
As to keep in the Debtor, so to keep out the Duns;
Or a Prentice, or his Mistriss; with Oaths to confound,
Till he bies him from the Park, *as from forbidden ground,*
Cause his credit is whole, and his Wench *may be sound.*
And quits the Guard, &c.

Now

Now it's Night, and the Patrole in Ale-house drown'd,
For nought else, but the Pot, and their Brains walk the round;
Whilst like Hell, *the Commanders, Guard Chamber, does shew,*
There's such damning their selves, and all else of the Crew;
For tho' these cheat their Men, *they give the* Devil *his due.*

On the Guard, &c.

Whilst a Main, after Main, at old Hazard they throw,
And their Quarrels grow high, as their Mony grows low;
Strait they threaten hard (using bad Faces for frowns)
To revenge on the Flesh, the default of the Bones,
But the Blood's in their Hose, and in Oaths all their Wounds.

Like the Guard, &c.

In the Morning they fight, just as much as they pray,
For some one to the King, *does the tidings convey,*
For preventing of Murder; *Oh 'tis a wise way!*
Though not one of 'em knows (as a Thousand dare say)
What belongs to a dead Man, unless in his pay.

For the Guard, &c.

With their skins, they march home, no more hurt than their
But for scratching of Faces, or biting of Thumbs; (*Drums,*
And now hey for fat Alewives, *and* Tradesmen, *grown lean,*
For the Captain, *grown* Bankrupt, *recruits him agen,*
With sending out Tickets, and turning out Men.

From the Guard, &c.

Strait the poor Rogue's *Cashier'd, with a Cane, and a Curse,*
Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut ev'ry Purse:
And what then? Man's a Worm, *these Glow-worms may name,*
For as they're dark of Body, have Tails all of flame,
So though these liv'd in Oaths, yet they dye with a Psalm.

Farewel Guard, &c.

Epelia *to* Bajaset.

HOw far are they deceiv'd who hope in vain,
A lasting *Lease* of Joys from *Love* t' obtain?
All the dear sweets, we promise or expect,
After enjoyment, turns to cold neglect. Cou'd

Cou'd love, a conſtant happineſs have known,
The mighty wonder, had in me been ſhown,
Our paſſions are ſo favoured by *Fate*,
As if ſhe meant 'em an Eternal Date;
So kind he look'd, ſuch tender words he ſpoke,
'Twas paſt belief ſuch Vows ſhou'd e're be broke.
Fixt on my *Eyes*, how often wou'd he ſay,
He cou'd with pleaſure gaze an *Age* away!
When thoughts too great for words had made him mute,
In Kiſſes he wou'd tell my hand his Suit.
So great his paſſions was, ſo far above
The common *Gallantrys*, that paſs for love,
At worſt I thought if he unkind ſhou'd prove,
His ebbing paſſion, wou'd be kinder far,
Than the Firſt tranſports of all other are.
Nor was my love, or fondneſs leſs than his,
In him I center'd all my hopes of Bliſs!
For him my duty to my *Friends* forgot,
For him I loſt, alas! what loſt I not?
Fame, all the valuable things of Life,
To meet his Love, by a leſs Name than *Wife*;
How happy was I then, how dearly bleſt,
When this great Man lay panting on my Breaſt,
Looking ſuch things as ne're can be expreſt!
Thouſand freſh looks he gave me ev'ry hour,
Whilſt greedily I did his looks devour!
Till quite o'recome with Charms, I trembling lay,
At ev'ry look he gave, melted away!
I was ſo highly happy in his Love,
Methoughts I pitty'd them that dwelt above!
Think then thou greateſt, lovelieſt, falſeſt Man,
How you have vow'd, how I have lov'd, and then,

My

My faithleſs Dear, be Cruel if you can!
How I have Lov'd, I cannot, need not tell,
No, ev'ry Act has ſhown I lov'd to well.
Since firſt I ſay you, I ne're had a thought
Since firſt I ſaw you, I ne're had a thought
Was not entirely yours, to you I brought
My *Virgin* Innocence, and freely made
My Love an Off'ring, to your Noble Bed:
Since when ye'ave been the *Star*, by which I ſteer'd,
And nothing elſe but you I lov'd or Fear'd.
Your ſmiles I only live by, and I muſt,
When e're you frown, be ſhatter'd into Duſt.
Oh! can the coldneſs that you ſhew me now,
Suit with the gen'rous heat you once did ſhew?
I cannot live on Pity, or Reſpect,
A thought ſo mean wou'd my whole love infect,
Leſs than your Love I ſcorn Sir to expect.
Let me not live in dull indiff'rency,
But give me Rage enough to make me Die!
For if from you, I needs muſt meet my Fate,
Before your Pity, I wou'd chooſe your Hate.

A very Heroical Epiſtle in Anſwer to Ephelia.

Madam,

IF you'r deceiv'd, 'tis not by my Cheat,
for all diſguiſes are below the great.
What *Man* or *Woman* upon *Earth*, can ſay
I ever us'd them well above a Day?
How is it then, that I unconſtant am?
He changes not who always is the ſame.
In my dear ſelf I center ev'ry thing,
My *Servants*, *Friends*, my *Mrs.* and my *King*,

Nay

Say, *Heav'n* and *Earth* to that one point I bring.
Well Manner'd, Honeſt, Generous and Stout,
Nay by dull *Fools*, to plague Mankind found *out*,
Shou'd I reguard, I muſt my ſelf conſtrain,
And 'tis my *Maxim* to avoid all pain.
You fondly look for what none e're cou'd find,
Deceive your ſelf, and then call me unkind,
And by falſe Reaſons, wou'd my falſhood prove,
For 'tis as natural to change, as love:
You may as juſtly at the *Sun* repine,
Becauſe alike it does not always ſhine:
No glorious thing, was ever made to ſtay,
My Blazing *Star*, but viſits and away,
As fatal too it ſhines, as thoſe i'th' *Skies*,
'Tis never ſeen, but ſome great *Lady* Dies.
The boaſted favour, you ſo precious hold,
To me's no more than changing of Gold.
What e're you gave, I paid you back in Bliſs,
Then where's the Obligation pray of this?
If heretofore you found grace in my *Eyes*,
Be thankful for it, and let that ſuffice,
But *VVoman*, *Beggar-like*, ſtill haunt the Door,
Where they've receiv'd a *Charity* before.
Oh happy *Sultan*! whom we barb'rous call,
How much refin'd art thou above us all:
Who envies not the Joys of thy *Serail*?
Thee like ſome *God*! the trembling Crowd adore,
Each *Man*'s thy *Slave*, and *VVoman-kind* thy *VVhore*.
Methinks I ſee thee underneath the Shade,
Of Golden Canopy, ſupinely laid,
Thy crowding *Slaves*, all ſilent as the Night,
But at thy Nod, all active, as the light!

Secure

Secure in solid Sloth, thou there doſt reign,
And feel'ſt the Joys of Love, without the pain.
Each *Female*, Courts thee with a wiſhing Eye,
While thou with awful Pride, walk'ſt careleſs by;
Till thy kind Pledg, at laſt marks out the *Dame*,
Thou fancy'ſt moſt, to quench thy preſent flame.
Then from thy Bed, ſubmiſſive ſhe retires,
And thankful for the grace, no more requires.
No loud reproach, nor fond unwelcome ſound,
Of *Womens* Tongues, thy ſacred Ear does wound;
If any do, a nimble *Muſe* ſtrait ties
The *True-Lovers-knot*, and ſtops her fooliſh Cries:
Thou fear'ſt no injur'd *Kinſmans* threatning Blade,
Nor Mid-night Ambuſhes by *Rivals* laid;
While here with aking Hearts, our Joys we taſt,
Diſturb'd by Swords, like *Democles* his Feaſt.

On Poet Ninny.

CRuſht by that juſt Contempt his *Follies* bring
On his Craz'd *Head*, the *Vermin* fain wou'd (ſting.
But never *Satyr* did ſo ſoftly bite,
Or gentle *Geoge* himſelf, more genly write.
Born to no other, but thy own diſgrace,
Thou art a thing ſo wretchd, and ſo baſe,
Thou can'ſt not ev'n offend, but with thy Face.
And doſt at once a ſad example prove,
Of harmleſs malice, and of hopeleſs love.
All Pride! and Uglineſs! oh how we loath,
A Nauſcous *Creature*, ſo compos'd of both!
How oft have we thy *Cap'ring Perſon* ſeen,
With diſmal Look, and Melancholly *Meene*,

The

The just Reverse of *Nokes*, when he wou'd be,
Some mighty *Heroe*, and makes love like thee!
Thou art below being laught at, ought of spight;
Men gaze upon thee, as a hideous sight,
And cry, there goes the Melancholly *Knight*.
There are some Modest *Fools*, we daily see,
Modest, and dull, why they are *Wits*, to thee!
For of all *Folly*, sure the very top,
Is a Conceited *Ninny*, and a *Fop*.
With a Face of *Farce*, joyn'd to a Head *Romancy*;
There's no such *Coxcomb* as your *Fool* of Fancy:
But 'tis too much on so despis'd a *Theam*,
No *Man* wou'd dabble, in a Dirty Stream;
The worst that I cou'd write, wou'd be no more,
Than what thy very Friends have said before.

My Lord All-Pride.

BUrsting with Pride, the loath'd *Impostum* swells;
Prick him, he sheds his *Venom* strait, & smells;
But 'tis so lewd a Scribler that he writes,
With as much force to Nature, as he fights.
Hardned in shame, 'tis such a baffled *Fop*,
That every School-boy, whips him like a Top:
And with his Arm, and Head, his Brain's so weak,
That his starved fancy, is comepell'd to rake,
Among the Excrements of others Wit,
To make a stinking Meal of what they Shit.
So *Swine*, for nasty *Meat*, to *Dunghil* run, (done:
And toss their gruntling *Snowts* up when they've
Against his Stars, the Coxcomb ever strives,
And to be something they forbid, contrives.

With a *Red Nose*, *Splay Foot*, and *Goggle Eyes*,
A Plough Mans, Looby meene, *Face* all awry ;
With ſtinking Breath, and ev'ry loathſome mark,
The *Punchianello*, ſets up for a *Spark*,
With equal Self-Conceit too, he bears Arms,
But with that Vile ſucceſs, his part performs ;
That he Burleſques his Trade, and what is beſt
In others, turns like *Harlequin*, in Jeſt.

So have I ſeen at *Smithfields* wondrous Fair,
When all his Brother Monſters, flouriſh there ;
A Lubbard Elephant, divert the Town,
With making Legs, and ſhooting off a Gun.
Go where he will, he never finds a Friend,
Shame, and deriſion, all his ſteps attend ;
Alike abroad, at home, i'th' Camp, and Court,
This *Knight* o'th' Burning Peſtle, makes us ſport.

Captain Ramble.

WHilſt *Duns* were knocking at my Door,
I lay in Bed with Wreeking Whore,
With Back ſo weak, and Pr—k ſo ſore
You'd wonder.
I rais'd my *Doe*, and laiſt her Gown,
I pinn'd her Whisk, and dropt a Crown,
She Piſt, and then I drove her down,
Like Thunder.
From Chamber then I went to Dinner,
And drank ſmall Beer, like mournful Sinner,
But ſtill I thought the Devil in her
Clytoris.

I ſat at *Muſcots*, in the dark,
And heard a Tradeſman, and a Spark,
A Scriv'ner and a Lawyers Clerk,
Tell Stories.
From thence I went with muffled Face,
To the *Dukes Houſe*, and took a place,
In which I ſpew'd, may't pleaſe his Grace
Or Highneſs.
Had I been hang'd, I cou'd not chooſe,
But laugh at Whores, who dropt from Stews,
Seeing that Mrs. *Marg'ret Hews*.
So fine is.
When *Play* was done, I call'd a Link,
Hearing ſome paultery Pieces Chink
Within my Breeches, how d'ye think
I employ'd 'em;
Why Sir, I went to Mrs. *Speerings*,
Where ſome were Curſing, others Swearing,
Never a Barrel better Herring,
Per fidem.
Seav'ns the Main, 'tis Eight God damn me,
'Tis Six (ſaid I) as God ſhall ſave me;
And being true, they cou'd not blame me
So ſaying.
Save me (quoth one) what *Shamaroone*,
Is this has beg'd an Afternoon
Of's Mother, to go up, and down,
A playing?
Now this to me, was worſe than Killing,
Miſtake me not, for I am willing;
And able both to drop a Shilling,
Or Two Sir.

Well said my Lad, (Quoth *Bully Hack*)
With Whiskers ſtern, and Cordibeck,
Pinn'd up behind his ſcabby neck
To ſhew Sir.

With Mangy Fiſt, he graſpt the Box,
Giving the Table bloody knocks,
Calling upon the Plague and Pox
To aſſiſt him.

Ten Shillings from me he did ſnatch,
He'ad like to have made a quick diſpatch,
Nor wou'd time Regiſter, my Watch,
Have miſt him.

As luck wou'd have it, in came *Will*,
Perceiving things went very ill,
Quoth he, thou'dſt better go and ſwill,
Canary.

We ſteer'd our Courſe to *Dragon Green*,
Which is in *Fleet-ſtreet* to be ſeen,
Where we drank Wine not foul but clean
Contrary.

Our *Hoſt* Ecclipſed *Thomas Hammond*,
Preſented a ſlice of *Bacon Gamon*,
Which made us ſwallow *Sack*, as *Salmon*
Does Water.

Being over-warm with the laſt Debauch,
I grew as drunk as any *Roach*,
When hot Bak'd Wardens did approach;
Or later.

But ſee the damn'd confounded Fate,
Attends on drinking Wine ſo late,
I drew my Sword on honeſt *Kate*
I'th' Kitchin.

Which

Which *Hammonds* Wife cou'd not endure,
I told her though ſhe look'd demure,
That ſhe came lately I was ſure,
From Bitching.
We broke our Glaſſes out of hand,
As many *Oaths*, we did command,
As *Haſtings*, *Savin*, *Southerland*,
Or *Ogle*.

Then I cry'd up Sir *Harry Fain*,
And ſwore by God I wou'd maintain,
Epiſcopacy, was too plain
A Juggle.
And having now diſcharg'd the Houſe,
We did reſerve a gentle Souſe,
With which we drank another Rouſe,
At the Bar.
And now good Chriſtians, all attend,
To Drunkenneſs, pray put an end,
I do adviſe you as a Friend,
And Neighbour.
For lo the Mortal, here behold,
Who Cautious was in Days of old,
Is now become raſh, ſturdy, bold,
And free Sir.
For having ſcap't the Tavern ſo,
There never was a greater Foe,
Encounter'd yet by *Pompey*, No
Nor *Cæſar*.
A *Conſtable*, both ſtern and dread,
Who is from Muſtard, Brooms and Thread,
Prefer'd to be the Brainleſs-head
O'th' People.

A Gown, h'ad on with Age made gray,
A Hat too, which as Folks do say,
Is Sir-nam'd to this very Day,
A *Steeple.*

His Staff which knew as well as he,
The Buſineſs of Authority,
Stood bold upright at ſight of me;
Moſt true 'tis.

The Lowſey Currs, that thither come,
To keep the Kings Peace, ſafe at home,
Yet cannot keep thee Vermin from
Their *Cutis.*

Stand, ſtand, ſays one, and come before,
You lie, ſaid I, like a Son of a Whore,
I cau't, nor will not ſtand, that's more,
De' mutter?

You watchful Knaves, I'll tell you what,
Your Officer, i'th' May-Pole-Hat,
I'll make as Drunk as any Rat,
Or Otter.

The Conſtable began to ſwell,
Although he lik'd the motion well,
Quoth he, my Friends, this I muſt tell
You clearly.

The Peſtilence you can't forget,
Nor th' Diſpute with the *Dutch*, nor yet
The dreadful *Fire*, that made us get
Up early.

From which (Quoth he) I this infer,
To have a Bodies Conſcience clear,
Excelleth any Coſtly Cheer,
Or Banquet.

Beſides

Beſides (and Faith I think he wept)
Were it not better you had kept,
Within your Chamber, and have ſlept,
In Blanket.

But I'll adviſe you by and by,
— A Pox of all Advice, ſaid I,
Your *Janazaries* look as dry,
As *Vulcan.*

We came not here to talk of Sin,
—— Come —— here's a Shilling fetch it in,
Our Buſineſs now is to begin,
A full Can.

At laſt, I made the Watch-men Drunk,
Examin'd here, and there a *Punck*,
And then away to Bed I Slunk,
To hide it.

Now theſe my Wiſhes are to you,
Who will thoſe Dangers not Eſchue,
That ye may all go home, and Spew,
As I did.

On Rome's *Pardons.*

IF *Rome* can Pardon Sins, as *Romans* hold,
And if thoſe Pardons can be bought and ſold,
It were no Sin, t' Adore, and Worſhip Gold.

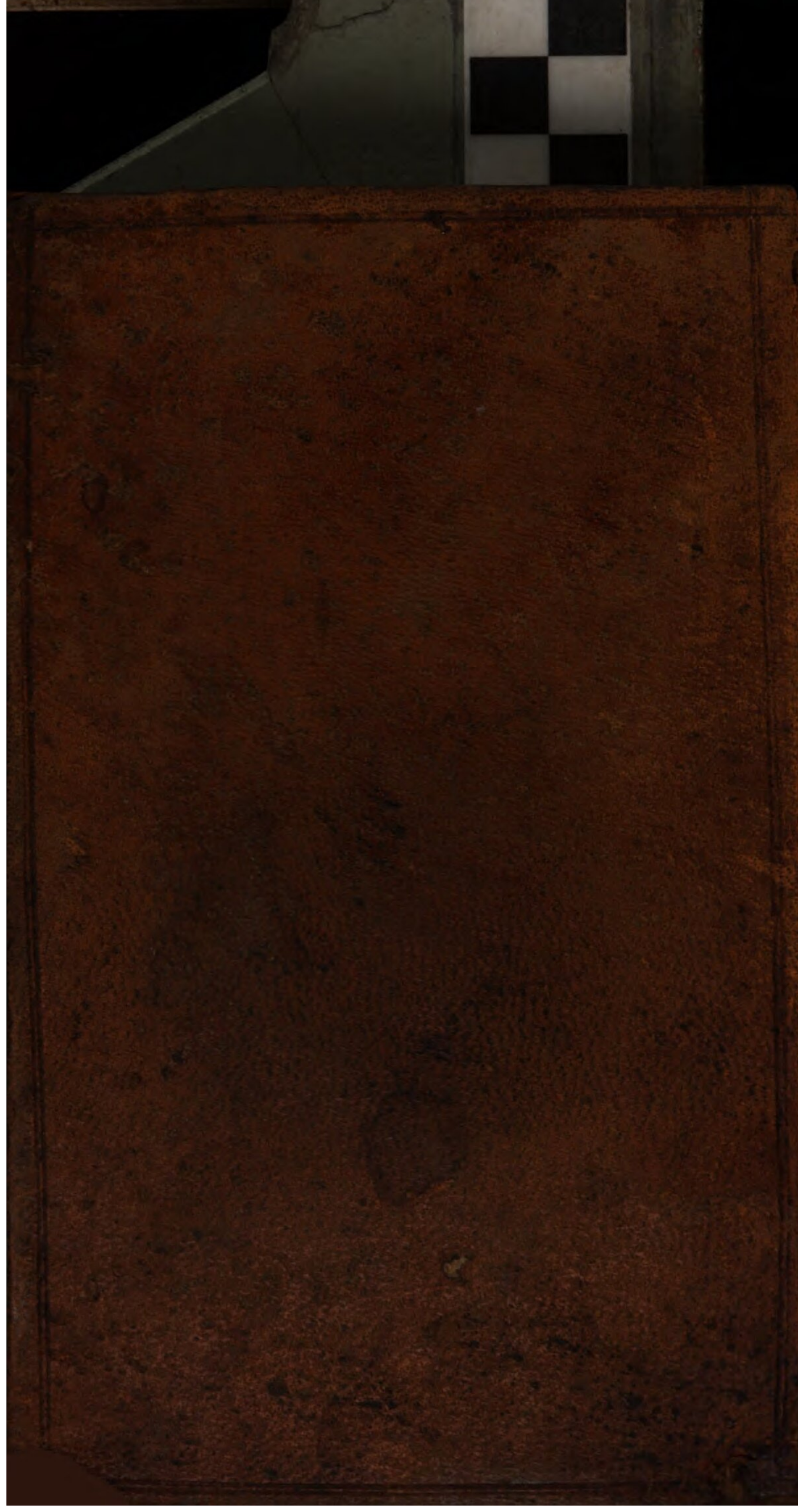
If they can Purchaſe Pardons with a Sum,
For Sins they may commit in time to come,
And for Sins paſt, 'tis very well for *Rome.*

At this rate they are happy'ſt that have moſt,
They'll Purchaſe *Heav'n*, at their own proper coſt,
Alas! the Poor! all that are ſo, are loſt.

Whence came this knack, or when did it begin?
What Author have they, or who brought it in?
Did *Chriſt* e're keep a *Cuſtom*-*Houſe* for Sin?

Some ſubtle Devil, without more ado,
Did certainly this ſly Invention brew,
To gull 'em of their Souls, and Mony too.

FINIS.



BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Poems on several occasions

Antwerpen [ca. 1830]
P.o.angl. 282 t
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10748218-1